

THE EXORCIST

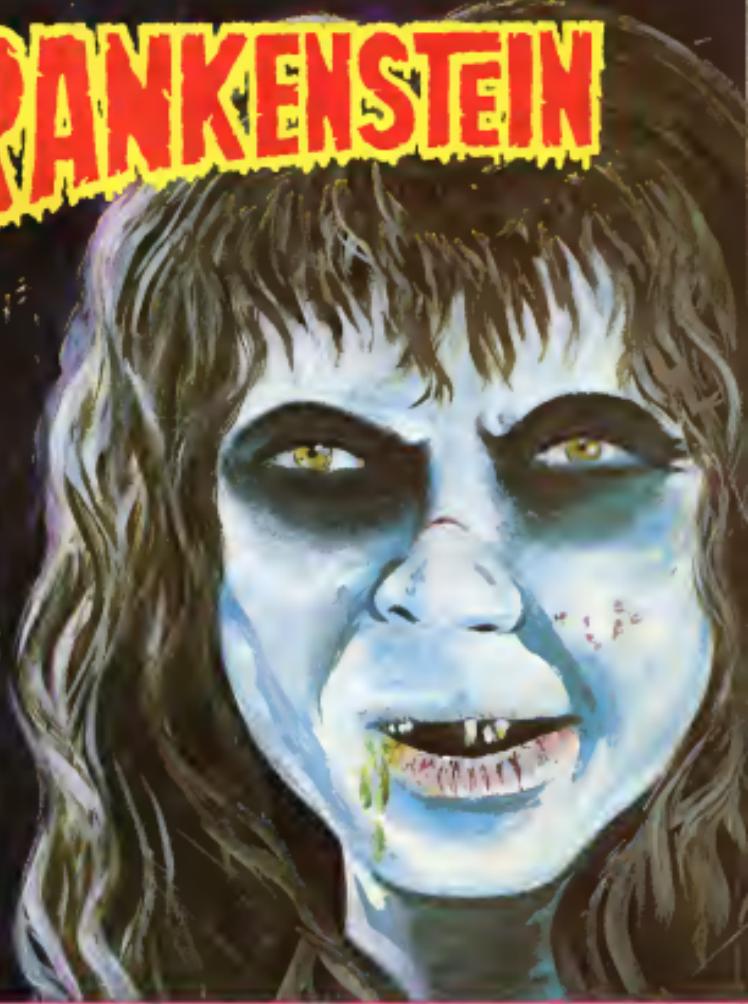
Behind the Scenes of "THE EXORCIST" and Exclusive Interview with Director BILL FRIEDKIN. Plus: Critical Analyses.

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CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN

LINDA BLAIR
As The Devil-Possessed
Child in
THE EXORCIST



DEMON
Back Cover
Mini-Poster



INTERVIEW
WITH
PETER
CUSHING







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CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, Volume No. 2 (Volume no. 22), 1974. Published bimonthly by Gothic Castle Publishing Co., Inc., 400 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Contents are protected by the International Literary Rights Convention and regulations, and all rights are strictly reserved. Nothing may be reprinted without publisher's permission. Article and CONTRIBUTIONS are indeed wanted, but should be accompanied by sufficient postage and envelope.

Printed in Canada.

THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Just a short time ago, one of the most promising young filmmakers had faced with a portentous bader: "So what's the great film idea all about?" asked the financial.

The young filmmaker answered: "First off, the title alone is worth a fortune: GODFATHERS MEET THE EXORCIST!"

The bader grinned with restraint: "Nica, but how's the story?"

The young man explained enthusiastically: "The time is the present. The Mafia has gone straight, into normal business, and the new Godfathers consist of fuel and oil syndicates, and a few other major operators, fronted by their personable stooges: the President and other politicians, etc., all pretending they're don't-rock-the-boat conservatives. But, suddenly, they all suffer a temporary reversal, flushed with power and fantastic wealth—after bickering nearly everything and everyone bone dry—they're been immediately caught with their guard down and exposed. Just as public reaction is swinging very unfriendly against them, the Godfathers go into action: they set up fake "radical" movements composed of trained agents pretending to represent various movements and minorities—gay, no man's, black, white, Hispanic and so on. When the agent-provocateurs succeed in making "change" and radicalism appear odious and frightening, they'll also be fused public antagonism against them. Especially after the so-called Symbolic Liquidation Army seems to "kidnap" Little Orphan Anne from Daddy Warbucks. And even if the public attempted anything, it's too late, the provocateurs have succeeded, and the President places the whole country under total Martial Law."

"The story sounds good so far, but that last part seems blurred. How does Martial Law come about?"

"There's this long-hot-summer, see, so the goons start riving off the ghettos, stirring up the bloodiest riots yet, see? So, then the President knows that not only can't they impeach him, but his fond ambition of absolute dictatorship becomes a reality."

"Yes, but where does The Exorcist come in?"

"Max Von Sydow and Charlton Heston arrive, each carrying huge crosses, a Bible and holy water, they surprise a secret meeting of the Godfathers, with the President present. They reveal the crosses, sprinkle holy water all over, read the Bible, and all the evil doers are exorcised. Then, dark, horrible shapes and demons are released from their bodies, like the things that flew out when Pandora opened the box."

"During this exorcism finale, have you planned on including much obscenity, vomiting and other grossness?"

"No, not really, but sounds like a great idea, especially if you'll back me."

"Then count me in. How many million bucks did you say you wanted?"

CoFeghorn Blowing

What seemed but a passing remark in our last issue—about some lavish praise of CoF in AFI Report (the American Film Institute's official organ)—has elicited the interest and curiosity of many readers. Not wishing to appear immodest, herewith is the substance of what was published in AFI Report about CoF (the first several paragraphs of the article establish the sad fact that proper research

Continued next page.



and study of films, especially the B picture and "grade Z" movies, is sadly lacking, or ignored, if not scoffed at, even by such "experts" as Andrew Sarris, that even publications and books [the article mentions several of the best known] purportedly concerned with such research are very inadequate.

"The closest conveyance of fact and chronology afforded by a film periodical to date has been by *Reel* short-lived... *Screen Thrills Illustrated*, a cousin to Forrest J Ackerman's perennial *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, a children's magazine... *Reel* only real competitor, the esoteric... *CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, assumes the mantle of *Screen Thrills* and goes one step further by lending an esotericism and sense of plain talk unmatched by any other film magazine published."

(The above appeared in *AFF Report*, page 19, July, 1973.)

And as one more entry for the CoFoghorn: In the highly acclaimed and prestigious Spectrum Books film history series (32-45, Presece-Hell), "Focus On The Horror Film" recommends only five magazines: three of them European (one now defunct), an American semi-promo (mostly available via subscription) and "Castle of Frankenstein". Hard to come by, but generally of a high quality."

Sighificantly, not one American promo that's ever devoted itself to the SF/Horror genre is even listed.

Sorry that we have to shift several announced articles again. However, the timeliness and importance of this year's section on THE EX-ORCIST necessitated that move, or else there would've been the Devil to pay!

But we do have director William Friedkin's exclusive interview with CoF in this issue—an unusual feat of journalism considering that practically every leading magazine has dabbled

so—apologies to all, especially Abby. Herrie, who authored the excellent *NOT OF THIS EARTH* piece, who'll wait it out another 50 to 60 days for our ROGER CORMAN coverage and interview. But it'll be more than worth it, end... we guarantee it'll be a *Gas* Above it, it's about the men who made American international emerge from poverty-row Z-budget filmmaking to international prominence. In this *intimate* interview, Cormac not only provides important background info about his old *ALM/Paragon* film days but tells very candidly his own personal methods and explores his approach to filmmaking. Especially valuable is the way he "tells it" about his young and successful company, New World. Plus: Lots of behind-the-scenes info

and pics on *FANTASTIC PLANET*, distributed by the Cormac organization.

No, we're not dropping *Comics Book reviews*, in case you're wondering why the *Comics Book Council* seems absent this issue. But since I was doing all of it, it began to be a problem due to the time it'll now involve putting out (hopefully) 6 or 7 CoF's a year. Also, being presently very disenchanted with the way comics look, doesn't help me in controlling my cool. Certainly it's through no fault of Stan Lee's or Roy Thomas's that the Marvels cost 25¢, have horrible layouts (they look like ad catalogues) and include few titles worth even the "old" 25¢ price. They say that the DC management's main concern in attacking these titles is because Marvel's 25¢, while DC imagines it has a terrific advantage by keeping it to 20¢—well, so far as quality goes, \$1 more or less won't stop anyone from buying a good mag! The said facts, regardless of what company is named, they're all running out strikers, are ripping off readers with awful reprints and only have a few decent titles of the dozen published. Worse yet is that hardly any plots are taken by any of them (except perhaps by Charlton, which also has the stigma of paying the lowest rates this side of Timbuktu) to find and train more talent. Clearly, management is largely to blame, especially DC who have made lots of promises and noise for over two years but have very little to show. Particularly aggravating is that DC's "preprint" to hunt for new talent was totally misleading, if not intentionally handled—reports given to us by aspiring writers and artists seem to bear this out.

When DC announced it would keep a special "talent hunt" room open at NYC's *Comic-Con* last July, apparently it served no purpose. Several artists have said they either got "the bum's rush," a royal runaround or else knew less than ever. But the main grippe seems to be that nearly everyone got a hefty cold-shoulder dash. Encouragement? Even a hint of warmth or sense of fellowship? If even half the tales we've heard about the "DC Room" are true and indicative of what's happen-

ing, little wonder the whole industry seems on the brink of disaster.

What we do know about many talented young people, who'd like to break into the market, is that money is hardly of consequence but recognition is what they want. God's sake, some of these youngsters would work for *Batman*! So, what in hell is this excuse for those abominable reprints flooding the field?

Yes, there are a hell of a lot of very talented Avenue cans around—companies need not have so look far. Obviously it's quite unnecessary for any of them to dilute themselves that there's big "talent" by hiring foreign artists from the Philippines, Hong Kong or elsewhere, while most of them are excellent illustrators. They tend to overlap a bit and, eventually, bore by looking at the *Comics* papers more people like Katsu, Wrightson, Adams, Sterlin, Jeff Jones, Brunner and the several others who kept the entire industry from total collapse. As I said, most of the overseas artists range from free to great—especially if you like fashion designing and certain forms of book illustration. This majority, though, ain't good for comic books.

This was supposed to be an issue of CoF sans anything about comics, right? Anyways, *Comics Reviews* will remain. Right over with looking over a couple of people who'd like to do them. Anyone else who feels hard like to answer the call, please get in touch.

Which is as good a point to mention that...

THE TALENT HUNT never ended and is still going on in CoF. Anyways with a yen for research, interviewing "name" and with other ideas, please feel free to write directly to me.

Before wrapping this column and getting into another round of Letters—I wish to thank all of you for continuing to show such interest in CoF. Especially those of you who send in reports on areas that cold CoF poorly in the past (but now do better, etc.), raising Hell with negligent dealers, or showing proper missionary zeal by converting others into CoF followers.

—Calvin T. Beck



Space is so tight down, we forced our usual Letters address breaking, which is Letters, c/o *GOTHIC CASTLE*, 509 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10017

Dear CTB:

January 31st was a ridiculous day for Tampa's *Scary Tales*, your magazine finally appeared on our local newsstand. Before this time, one had to buy it in Miami. (Well, you know how it is with subtropical diseases these days... —BET)

THE FASHA OF TAMPA BEV

Dear CTB:

February 21st was a no-nonsense day for Tampa's *Scary Tales*, your magazine finally appeared on our local newsstand. Before this time, one had to buy it in Miami. (Well, you know how it is with subtropical diseases these days... —BET)

Tampa itself is doing well in the *Scary Tales*

king business, with two horror films completed here within the last 12 months. One, *SCREAM BLOODY MURDER*, is only fair and will probably not get much exposure. It deals with a young recluse who sleeps with a department store dummy and becomes homicidal when his mother comes to visit him.

The other picture, *IMPULSE*, features William Shatner and Ruth Roman and was directed by Florida's own Bill Grele (STANLEY). Shatner is very convincing as a psycho who tries to sleep with women but turns killer when his plans sour. The film will have a national release.

I am enclosing a dollar for a *Beck* issue. Please keep up the good work. Tampa is now in your corner.

RAY NUNLEY, P.O. Box 291, Tampa, Fla. 33601.

STOVER THE RAINBOW

Dear CTB:

Re-reading to CoF no. 29—I think you guys get down at Gothic really could yourselves. I enjoyed the conclusion of the Henryhausen interview, and I love your "TV Movie"



The Mutations



Credit: A Columbia Picture. **J.** Ronald Grotwinkel, producer; Robert D. Weismann, pres.; Jack Cardiff, director; Paul Bresser, dir. of photography; Charles Parker, make-up; spcl fx by Ken Mlodichus.

Cast: (main principals listed in story synopsis): Lisa Collings, Jane Scott, Tony Lennon, Richard Davies, John Whitford, Ettiene Duhme, Andi MacCormick, Michael Dunn, Barry Dennen, Shirley Tweddle, Kathy Koldthorpe, Ian Mackay, Fran Flanagan, (satirical lady) Lesley Hume, (harmless lady) Fay Burn, (narrator) Dee Bore, (human pincushion) G.T., (monkey woman) Madge Bennett, (popeye) Willie Ingram, (alligator girl) Elizabeth Blackmore, (pretzel boy) Hugh Bailey, (frog boy) Felix Quarto.

Double page left: the real-life freaks of *MUTATIONS*. **Opposite page, top:** *Tee Baker* as *Lynch*. **Bottom:** Michael Dunn as *Burns*, the title show's partner.

Not since Tod Browning's *FREAKS* was released in 1932 has there ever been quite another assemblage of as many frightening grotesqueries and authentic physical anomalies as are found in *MUTATIONS*. Banned in England for more than a quarter century (and still boycotted today in various areas), *FREAKS* was a unique, challenging and, for many, an appalling filmic presentation: a director using actual, real-life circus freaks as actors in a horse movie? Heavens, how revolting!

Yet, for utter originality nothing like *FREAKS* had ever been seen before, nor even approached in more than forty years... At least, not until *MUTATIONS*, which goes a bit further in the macabre genre with a weird but powerful blending of science fiction.

THE STORY:

Professor Nolter (Donald Pleasance), obsessed with the idea that science can bridge the gap between man and plant—thus creating a new life-form—both



fascinates and disturbs his London students who include Hedi (Julie Ege) and Brian (Brad Harris), an American scientist attracted to Hedi.

Unknown to anyone, Nolter conducts his strange experiments in an isolated mansion with the assistance of Lynch (Tom Baker), a man deformed by some inherent glandular disorder who, with Burns (Michael Dunn), a dwarf, own a carnival freak show.

Hoping Nolter's work will some day cure his own deformities, Lynch doesn't hesitate to secure human beings on whom Nolter can experiment. One such victim is Bridget; her kidnapping by Lynch is witnessed by Burns who lives in fear of his deformed partner, as do the other members of the freak show family.

Nolter's experiments on Bridget (also one of his former students) fail; she is turned into a non-human mutant whom Lynch brings to the freak show as "the Lizard Woman of Tibet." Tony (Scott Anthony), another student, who is suspicious of Lynch and Burns, becomes Nolter's next victim, a "Venus Fly-Trap" creature, capable of movement, speech

and thought. Tony escapes Nolter and reaches Lauren (Jill Haworth), also a classmate—her mind becomes unshackled at his revelations and she telephones Hedi while Lynch is out looking for the mutant. Hedi writes Tony's message down just before she herself is seized by Lynch. Brian finds Hedi's notes and hurries to Nolter's mansion. Though almost killed by Lynch, Brian is rescued by Burns and the freak family, who kill Lynch.

Nolter is about to begin his final experiment on the unconscious Hedi. In horror, Nolter is interrupted by the now monstrous Tony who, like the giant Venus Fly-trap he is, drains the scientist of his blood just before a fire engulfs them both.

Brian reaches Hedi just in time.

* * *

The production staff and cast surrounding *MUTATIONS* is both formidable and outstanding, backed by executive producer Ronald J. Getty, son of billionare J. Paul Getty. Direction is by Jack Cardiff, whose career began as an eminent British cinematographer almost 40

years ago (*The Four Feathers*, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *The Red Shoes*, *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*, *War and Peace*, *The Vikings*, etc.)—his directorial background includes *Scent of Mystery*, *Sons and Lovers* (New York Critics' award for best direction), *The Long Ships*, *The Liquidator* and others.

A talented veteran of many years, Donald Pleasance is one of the SFantasy screen's most familiar faces, ranging all the way back to two *Fifties* versions of 1984, one produced by BBC-TV (opposite Peter Cushing who played the lead as Winston Smith) and the same part opposite Edmond O'Brien in the menuental theatrical version. Speaking in glowing terms about Pleasance, director Cardiff said, "He is one of the most authoritative actors I know. He can project a bizarre character with that touch of credibility that makes it all the more real and chilling."

Born in Workshop in the north of England, the son of a railway station master, Pleasance says, "By rights I should have stayed on the same tracks as my father. But, somehow, I always knew I had to be an actor."

Tom Baker, who plays the deformed Lynch, is already an established star of the macabre for his role as Rasputin in *Nicholas and Alexandra*, and as the mad magician Kours in *Golden Voyage of Sinbad* fully detailed in CoF no. 21.

MUTATIONS is the late Michael Dunn's final film and one of his finest roles. He will be best remembered by fans of the genre as the tiny giant who transcended his personal sorrows and real



physical handicap by being a brilliant dramatic artist in his own right.

Scott Anthony is already known for his role in *Savage Messiah*.

Bud Harris comes from Idaho, comes from an affluent banking family, but terminated establishment connections to become a Hollywood stunt man; he was later signed up to appear in numerous German-Italian films (including second unit directorship for 35 films) before becoming a star in *The Fury of Hercules*.

Jill Haworth (Oscar nominated for her role in *Exodus*) is one of the three top beauties who are in the cast. Included is Julie Ege, a 26 year-old honey-blond Norwegian, a former Miss Norway, who appeared in *Creatures the World Forgets* and in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. Olga Anthony — virtually

Below: The Lizard monster mutation created by the evil Dr. Plasencia. Left: Scott Anthony as the Venus Fly-trap mutation, also seen perching (opposite page) through a window in a more advanced monstrous condition.





Above: The makeup genius of Charles Parker is being applied to some of *MUTATIONS* leading horror artifacts. Below: Esther Blackmon as the carnival's Alligator Lady. Center: D.T., the Human Pinhead. Right: Fran Pfannenstiel, the Skeleton Woman. Opposite page: AH that's left of the unpleasant Dr. Donald Pissane (Dr. Noller) after the Venus Fly-trap mutation sucks him of all his blood.



a newcomer besides her femme associates—is an English actress-model with flaming red hair who has done TV series and appeared in the Western spoof, *How Much Is That In Gunces?*

Obviously everyone connected with *MUTATIONS* has had some connection with the genre at one time or another. Significantly, so has 35 year-old producer Robert David Weinbach who produced one of Boris Karloff's last films: *Cauldron of Blood*.

—Nicholas Morgan







Adrienne Corri (bottom, opposite page) plays Faye Flay, Peter Cushing's weird wife. She's also a strange recluse who'd just as soon wreck houses. To boot, she's developed a personality that only a mother could love (?)



The Vincent Price interview appeared originally in FILMS ILLUSTRATED, a general film magazine distributed exclusively in England. THE REVENGE OF DR. DEATH, referred to in this interview, has since undergone a title change and is being released by AIP as MADHOUSE.

Whenever he is visiting our shores, Vincent Price likes to explore our English cities on foot or on the Underground. He is a life-long student of regional accents in his native America, and would like to extend that study to Britain. "I love listening to the rich variety of English accents," he told us. "I like to be able to guess which part of the country people are from." Recently he was in London to star in THE REVENGE OF DR. DEATH and also became a regular weekend commentator to Manchester on the night dinner-to-captain one of the teams in BBC-TV's "Movie Quiz" programme which was transmitted weekly from that city. "These were

my first visits to Manchester and I loved them, I was fascinated by the Mancunian dialect and had a great time deliberately stopping people in the street and asking anniversary questions, simply in order to hear them speak. The same thing happened on my first visit to Birmingham several years ago, but I have to admit that I find 'Mancunian' much easier to understand than 'Birmingham'. My friends are now urging me to go to Newcastle and hear some 'Geordie', I'm told it's something that every student of dialect should hear."

Price admits to getting a great kick out of the "Most Gaudy" show. "I travelled up to Manchester on a Sunday afternoon, did the show and returned to London on the midnight sleeper train. At 5.30 am a car would be standing by at Euston to take me to the set. On Monday morning I fell right off to sleep when I got back to the studio. I had been awake all night in the sleeper."

On another occasion Price took the tube lines to Belgravia apartment to Tottenham Court Road to keep an appointment with Canadian actress Richard Williams who is making her first full-length feature cartoon called **THE AMAZING NASSRUDDIN** based on the Arabian Nights-style fable by Idris Shah. Price has been recording the voice of the arch-villain Grand Vizier Amer who, with his pet vulture, plots the overthrow of the Persian throne.



"Did you ever see Dick's film of **A CHRISTMAS CAROL**, which won the Hollywood Oscar last year?"

Vincent asks. "It was brilliant. I was absolutely delighted when he asked me to supply the voice of this cartoon character. I've never done anything like this in my career. It was fascinating watching these animators bringing all these thousands of drawings to life on the screen. Dick has a lot of Disney's artists from California working for him now in his London studios. **THE AMAZING NASSRUDDIN** has already taken him four years and it should be ready for the public to see by the end of 1974."

Vincent is, of course, a leading authority on art and his latest published book on the subject is called "**The Vincent Price Treasury of Great Art**". It is a coffee-table size volume and contains many full colour prints with a personal commentary by Vincent on every page. The book is dedicated to his second wife, Mary Gant, their twelve-year-old daughter Victoria, and Vincent's adult son, Vincent Barrett Price.

At 62, Vincent is busier than ever with no thought of retiring! "They will have to bury me before I retire, and even then my tombstone will read 'I'll Be Back!'" he jokes. **THE REVENGE OF DR DEATH** was his 105th feature film and he has two more lined up for British production later in the year. In



America, providing commentaries for television documentaries is also keeping him active. He recently did one called "The Devil's Triangle", a true story about an area between Bermuda and Mexico where, for years, ships, planes and vessels have been mysteriously disappearing without trace. "I recently met a woman in New York who had canceled her vacation in Bermuda after hearing it," says Price. "She told me the film scared her out of her wits."

Meanwhile Price is seldom absent from our film or television screens for long. The Roger Corman-directed one of *THE HOUSE OF USHER*, *THE PIT* AND *THE PENDULUM* and *THE TOMB OF LIGELIA* turn up regularly as parts of an Edgar Allan Poe retrospective for consecutive late-night televisionings. Vincent Price takes all these varied offerings in his stride. He is constantly writing a book for American gastronomes entitled "What the Hell Do You Do With the Parsley?"

"It's a ridiculous title," he explains gleefully, "but I think it will be fun. You see, in America our food is always covered in great mounds of parsley. You can barely find it. I am exploring a theory that the richest men in America are not the Paul Getty's or the Howard Hughes tycoons. They are the Parsley Kings. I was in Montana last year on a lecture tour and I decided to finish my dinner with an ice-cream. And, yes, you've guessed it. It was served with a sprig of parsley."





Vincent Price, as Paul Toombs, veteran Hollywood horror film star, is convalescing by a producer (Oliver Quayle) (Robert Quarry) and his old friend Herbert Play (Peter Cushing), another refined horror film star, to make a comeback in an English tv series. The series is to be based on the character of "Dr. Death," based on an old film that brought Toombs fame.

MADHOUSE—The Star:

Paul Toombs (Vincent Price), veteran Hollywood horror film star, is convalescing by a producer (Oliver Quayle) (Robert Quarry) and his old friend Herbert Play (Peter Cushing), another refined horror film star, to make a comeback in an English tv series. The series is to be based on the character of "Dr. Death," based on an old film that brought Toombs fame.

While on a boat, heading for England,

Toombs meets Elizabeth Peters (Ulla Peters), a beautiful, mysterious actress who covets a role in his tv series, but their relationship comes to an untimely and tragic London when she is murdered.

Her sudden and strange death bears an uncanny similarity to the murders committed in early "Dr. Death" films and bring back unhappy memories for Toombs. For, in the early "Dr. Death" films was murdered under similar circumstances. The resulting scandal ended his career.

Paged by fans, Toombs still puts on and begins work on the new "Dr. Death" tv series. His co-star, Carol (Jennie Lee Wright), is

an incompetent housekeeper. When she is also discovered murdered, Toombs becomes the logical suspect. As the sheriff questions Toombs, he is questioned by bearded Scotland Yard Inspector Harper (John Gielgud) and his assistant. They inform Toombs that he is being kept under close surveillance.

A visit to Play's (Aubriene Corn) turns up some disturbing evidence. Corn, a wild-eyed nudist, informs Toombs that her husband Herbert (Cushing) was once scheduled to participate in a nudist contest. She goes on to say that if anything happens to Toombs, he is set to replace him in the series. Jills (Natalie Pyne), the publicity girl, discovers the first concrete piece of evidence, a glove, but never gets a chance to reveal it. Toombs discovers her murdered body in his dressing room.

Shattered by the crime, Toombs wonders if he is in the grip of impulses totally beyond his control. Straggling to the sound stage, he sets the girls ablaze at the camera form. Miraculously, he escapes the flames.

Herbert Play now expects to have the lead

role in the "Dr. Death" series—until he is confronted by a fan, exhumed Toombs who accuses him of the murders. The two battle and Herbert is killed.

Toombs, having turned Herbert's body into a decomposed corpse which can "stand up" for his own body. He never regrets that he killed Play, realizing that Play had committed all the murders and tried driving him mad. Giddy Toombs goes to the makeup room. Soon he is an exact duplicate of Herbert Play, and, as such, is prepared to suffice Herbert's contract to replace the "late" Paul Toombs in the "Dr. Death" series.

Credit: *MADHOUSE*—645 min. An American International Pictures production by Alan J. Rosenberg, Milton Subotsky, Dir.—Jim Clark. Screenplay by Greg Morrison (based on Angus Huff's novel, "Deviltry"). Starring: Vincent Price, Peter Cushing, Robert Quarry, Aubriene Corn, and others.

738-1

PETER CUSHING

on *Frankenstein & others*

I can trace my interest in acting right back—almost to Noah, in fact. Before I even knew I wanted to be an actor my great hero was Tom Mix. I was always going to the cinema to see his films, then coming home and re-acting his deeds of derring do. I didn't realise it was wanting to be an actor, I just thought I wanted to be a cowboy. When I got a little older, I realised what I wanted to be, but I had no training for it and no connections in the business. So I got a job as a surveyor's assistant at the Cudlton & Purley Urban District Council where I was really little more than a glorified office boy for four years. They were so patient with me, because by then I was involved with amateur theatricals and needed a lot of time for rehearsals. However the Council had different ideas about how I should spend my time. But there was a big loft in these offices where all the old ordnance maps were kept and I suggested that they were in such an awful muddle that I should go up there each day and put them into order. So I used to go up to this marvelous loft and learn my parts and rehearse to an audience of mice and spiders. And of course the ordnance maps remained in this terrible condition.

I also used to take 'The Stage' and answer advertisements in there. I tried for so long with my own name that I thought a change of name might help. I was in the throes of first love at the time and the word "darling" was naturally used an awful lot, so I thought, "I'll call myself Peter Ling." Cut out the dair, you see. So I sent out a whole lot of letters to the repertory companies saying, "Here I am. What about it?" or words to that effect. But I soon changed my name back to Peter Cushing because I got a letter back from one of them saying, "I don't think there's much scope for Chinese actors in the repertory business."

Then for months and months I sent letters to Bill Fraser, who then ran the Connaught repertory company in Worthing. I bombarded him until finally I got a letter back saying, "Please come down and see me." I immediately gave in my notice at the office—to their delight—and I arrived, baggage back, at the Connaught Theatre between the matinee and the evening performance, and presented myself to Mr Fraser, who was drinking tea in his dressing-room. He said, "Who are you?" and I said Peter Cushing. So he said, "Oh, I'm so glad you've turned up. It was just to ask you please don't keep on writing to me because I've got so much else to do without answering all these letters."

Whereupon I burst into tears and he



took compassion on me and put me on the stage that very night in J B Priestley's 'Cornelius' in which I played a creditor. And that was my first professional appearance.

I was then in repertory between three and a half and four years, all over the country. One had great scope as a young actor, because repertory was such a great training ground. You're literally carrying about three plays at a time. You're doing one, rehearsing the next and trying to forget the one before, and it's awfully difficult not to get muddled.

I had saved up £50 in that time and my dear father paid my fare to America—one way. It bothered me a bit at the time, I think he thought I could swim home. No, it was economy, really. Coming back to Tom Mix, I had always wanted to go where Tom Mix lived, and that was America. My father was a quantity surveyor and this was the only way he felt he could help me, bless his heart.

That really was a case of the biggest fool stepping in where any angel would fear to tread. No-one knew of me, but I had worked out my economics with my

£50. I went straight to the YMCA in New York and looked up all the addresses of all the film companies in the telephone directory. Then I went around to see them all and said, "Look, I'm a very famous actor and I've just arrived from England." They were all awfully kind, but there was one gentleman whose name was Launcie Goodkind, and he really did live up to his name. He was so helpful and he gave me a letter of introduction. I forget now whether or not anything became of it, but at least he gave that wonderful sense of encouragement. We all need encouragement at all times in our lives; whether or not you think the person is going to make it, you must encourage. I think, because if something is latent in that person, you can't just down it. You just need one person to give you that extra little bit of courage and determination.

I knew no-one at all in Hollywood. I again landed at the YMCA and announced that I was going to get into the pictures, to which they said, "Oh, yeah?" or words to that effect. I told them that I had no money left, but that I would pay them as soon as I got a job. They were so absolutely astounded that they said yes. So I whipped around to all the studios and made myself known. Now, it's an extraordinary thing, because you can go to almost any studio in England and almost walk in unnoticed, but in America, you go to the gates and there are armed policeman, bristling with guns. I think it was something to do with being frightfully British because at that time they didn't really quite get us at all—I don't think they do now—and I was just inherently honest. I said, "I've come to get into pictures and I must see someone. Who do I see?" So this particular policeman told me to go and see the casting man.

When I look back, that was absolutely extraordinary, because this casting man said that James Whale was at that time directing *The Man in the Iron Mask* in which Louis Hayward played twins—a good brother and an evil brother—and the director was looking for someone to play opposite him in this split screen process, to give him something to play against. Because it's like playing tennis, you have to have another player. Normally they would have the continuity girl just blithely reading the lines with no expression, so he wanted someone who could really act with Louis Hayward. And, to cut a very long story short, I got the job.

Film acting is a very much more technical thing and I only had this stage experience, so it was wonderful for me to observe all the grunts of that period at work. And of course Louis Hayward himself. I played the good brother while he played the bad, then vice versa. Then the film was literally cut up the middle, my two lots were thrown away and Louis Hayward's two were stuck together and there he was talking to himself.

I was quite dreadful, because I was allowed to go and see the rushes, and I nearly fainted on the spot when I saw myself for the first time. I had a dreadful voice and I was as round as a dumpling. But as the weeks went by, it did improve a little and indeed they were very pleased

Robert Urquhart, Peter Cushing and Boris Karloff (as the Monster) in *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*.



with me and gave me this part of my own. I got on a horse and came rushing up and said, "The King wants to see you."

I have always been a great one for detail and I love period costume. This was the period of Louis XIV and they wore lovely big hats with feathers and lovely spurs. So I went to the costumiers and, remembering the lovely noise Tom Mix's spurs made, got myself a huge pair. Then I leapt on the horse—having never been on a horse before, I used Mother's bicycle as Tom Mix's horse—and the thing took off and pulled down all the scenery. I had sabres across either side both of which fell down and pinned me to the ground, and the stirrups locked, and in the end they had to lasso the horse, and me, and bring us to a standstill, having held the whole production up for several hours and at a cost of several thousand dollars. And I was de-spurred on the spot. But it was a marvellous intro into films. It rarely comes to any actor to get that experience of filming with people of that calibre.

Soon after that came *Fight in the Night* with Brian Aherne and Carole Lombard in which I had a role that was virtually the second male lead, so I must have improved a little by then. War had broken out in England at that time so there was an enormous shortage of young actors. The film had an all-English cast and was based on an A J Cronin story about hospitals set in London and the North.

Robert Coote had the wonderful title of dialectician and they wanted someone who could assume a North Country accent that the Americans would understand but that would be acceptable in England as well. And that was really one reason why I got this fantastic role.

I arrived back in England in 1942, then I joined ENSA. Soon after the war I went to see Laurence Olivier, as he was then, to audition for the young male lead in 'Born Yesterday'. He said, "This is American. Can you speak American?" and I said no. I think there's nothing more phoney than an English actor trying to speak American. And he said, "That's awfully honest of you. You're saving us all a lot of time. And we will be in touch." And I thought that was just a very kind way of saying *ta-ta*. But, sure enough, I was playing a Frenchman in





Opposite page: Peter Cushing in MADHOUSE. Below: Cushing in a very rare shot as Sherlock Holmes in BBC-TV's "A Study In Scarlet" (Sept. 1968). Cushing and Lee in THE MUMMY.



Peter Cushing on stage at the National Film Theatre during his John Player appearance. The session was chaired by David Cawell of Film Illustrated.

a play at the Kew Theatre and Tony Bushell, who was Laurence Olivier's right-hand man, came down and apparently went back to Olivier and said, "There's an incredible Frenchman in this play whom I recognize. Come and have a look at him." So they both came down to the Saturday matinee and Olivier said, "Well, that's that chap who said he couldn't speak American. He can certainly speak French."

Anyway, he was evidently impressed and said, "Would you like to play in the film of *Moby-Dick* that I'm making? And what part would you like to play?" So I said, "What about Hamlet." And he said, "That's

east." So, nothing daunted, I asked what was going, and he said, "Well, everything is east except Orrie." "So that's the part I'll play."

From that I went to Australia with the Old Vic tour with Olivier, then I got into television in 1951. At that time, because television was beginning to keep people away from the cinema, film producers weren't very keen on anyone to do with television. I did three years solid television and there was only one person who always wanted me, and that was James Carreras who was the head of Hammer. I was very keen to get into films in England

because films were the things I had always wanted — hence my sojourn in Hollywood — and I was aware that I had to get into a better type of picture, otherwise I wouldn't get out from there. But when I read that they were going to make *The Curse of Frankenstein*, I very much wanted to play the part. My agent showed me something that Hammer had made, *X the Unknown*, and I thought it was frightfully good, so I said if they still wanted me, Frankenstein was the role I would like to play.

Nobody connected with that first film had any idea that this terrible snowball would start and keep on rolling to this very day. It was just another picture in a list of pictures they were going to make that year, and it just struck some chord among audiences of which we are still hearing the twang. Because they tell me that these films are being seen somewhere in the world every single day.

Now I've played Frankenstein six times and basically he must be the same character but the writers do try and get some variety into the films. And because he's always being frustrated, because there are always those bumptious villagers knocking on his door, he perhaps becomes more ruthless about the way he goes about getting his materials. Strangely enough the latest film is written by the man who wrote the first one and Frankenstein becomes more human again. But certainly he does alter by the very fact that different people write the stories. He was very ruthless in *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*, I remember.

The strange thing is that when we first started these films back in 1956, everything that Frankenstein got up to was pretty impossible, but now Dr Barnard has caught up. He hasn't gone quite as far as me, because I have transplanted brains. Not very successfully, I admit, but we've all got to start somewhere. But they'll be at yet, the same as they'll find a cure for cancer, because that's what we're here for. Some of us are here to entertain; Dr Barnard and people of his kind are really going to find cures for these things; they are going to be able to transplant brains. In fact, I believe that Russian scientists already have done that very thing in animals quite successfully.





I don't mind at all that people may refer to me as 'a horror actor' because in this unpredictable profession actors are awfully lucky. They're doing something they love, they're earning a living by it, and the end product, we hope, gives pleasure. But for any actor to be associated with a form of success like Hammer's I think is absolutely wonderful and if that means being thought of as 'a horror actor', then I think it's the most marvellous thing that could happen to me. On an average I've made one and a half pictures a year for the same company for sixteen years. Well, this is fantastic. An actor's last job is his last job. Someone asked me earlier what my plans are. I have none. I'm pretty sure I will have. But you can never be sure like people who have an office job and know that they will be going to that office, nine till six, fifty weeks out of the year. But an actor doesn't have that security. The job he finishes may be his last for a week, a year, two years, you just don't know. So I think one would be very ungrateful if one did object in any way. I think it is a very great thing. In short, I love it.

When you're dealing with these pictures, which are dealing with the impossible, you have to believe in it and love it yourself if you're going to try and get an audience to believe it with you. At least, that's the way I approach any film I do, be it *Frankenstein* or *Oscar in Hamlet*. I always approach *Frankenstein* as seriously as I would approach *Hamlet*. That's the only way to approach any work.

Opposite page: (bottom) Cushing and Lee in *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Right: Cushing arises from the grave in *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*.

ZARDOZ

ZARDOZ is such a different film and, maybe, so subtle that for once the mass audiences and usual gaggle of "film critics" seemed to agree, by almost mutual consent the majority seemed to say, "It's a bomb!" Even some of our friends said so. On the other hand, a few others love it, and even a few lesser known critics have elicited raves, such as Baird Searles in his column in *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*.

The reason why ZARDOZ has troubled so many is that writer-director John Boorman is dispensing more than the average mind can fully comprehend. And the odd thing is that ZARDOZ is plagued with clichés that look at least three years out of style; naturally, status mentalities condemn this because they're ignorant of or mused to dramatic similes and other literary nuances.

Superficially, ZARDOZ seems overladen with derivation, in fact, blatant, unashamed lifts mostly from 2001, PLANET OF THE APES, THE TIME MACHINE, CARNIVAL OF SOULS, and... God help us, a structure so damned close to the Roddenberry disaster of last year, GENESIS II (not to mention its monstrous offspring, PLANET EARTH, just this past April), that — but that's where the "resemblance" ends.

Despite apparent derivativeness, there's a tremendously fascinating, likable quality about ZARDOZ.

Some of it has undoubtedly to do with the fact that Sean Connery's not only star but dominant demigod. He's also in better physical shape than he's been in more than four years, thus he looks quite great, although the very long hair, especially the droopy mustache, ages him somewhat; and the creased, slightly heavier features aren't what they were back in GOLDFINGER and MARNIE days. But all this is apart from the reality that he is, personally, a very warm, intelligent and fine man, a fact perhaps suspected but only rarely learned, such as from his very few TV appearances (e.g. "Not For Women Only," early Feb., '74); so, as it's always been with most fine performers, Sean's inner beauty and humanity was what made him a star, not just his Bondian trappings alone—and all of this works into ZARDOZ with grand results.



ZARDOZ starts off with a gigantic stone head floating down from space; the year is 2293, and civilization per se hardly exists, or so it seems. The world is shared by several groups—one of these live in awesome poverty, sickly, and unprotected, subject to instant extermination by The Exterminators, marauding and nomadic-like bands of barbarous soldier-horsemen who shoot down the weak and enslave those who survive, only to kill them later for kicks. Somewhat like Conan, Zed (Connery) rushes out of the pack, filled with bloodlust and rapaciousness... but obviously different. When the giant stone head that symbolizes the macabre god Zardoz lands (incidentally, Zardoz stands for WIZARD OZ), it vomits another abundance of firearms. Zed sneaks and hides within the huge head before it takes off again. Upon landing, Zed finds himself in a strange land ruled by The Eternals, a group of semi-immortals (the world's ruling class) who resemble TIME MACHINE'S Eloi. Beneath them are The Apathetics who vegetate in somnolent catalepsia—but they suddenly awaken and "turn on" once exposed to Zed's mystical life-force energy.

Boorman's work is so powerfully structured, so intelligently tongue-in-cheek that it's rather obvious why it ran into trouble. For the last ten years most audiences and critics have been bludgeoned and desensitized by groin-and-genital, lower grade "shock" type values. Perhaps it has also much to do with the degenerate, down mood of the country for the last five or six years. Whatever, subtle message-prone, "odd-ball" films aren't now very much in vogue (this is quite significant in that it can be equated with the appalling decline of art film theaters within the same period).

Admittedly, Boorman's film, at first blush, is annoying. It's that rare film that one must think about before daring to enjoy a reasonable opinion. It has also a few flaws; some are huge, such as the last two or three minutes. And you may at first even tend to agree with some of the horde's grumblings as you leave the theater; thus, it's a good idea to wait at least a day or two, think it over, let it all sink in, and then—bang! You may start marvelling.

In a long and generally interesting article covering some of the more important SFantasy films of recent months (and a few going back six years)—"Movies Are More Sci-Fi Than Ever," N.Y. Times, March 17, 1974—Vincent Canby's comments on ZARDOZ fell into the same mire of pernicious insensitivity that's afflicted so many others. Contemporary entertainment's orthodox linearity, in other words, has not merely indoctrinated but has also programmed a Pavlovian condition in so-called academics (or "critics") and mass audiences that makes



them march to the same tunes.

Perish the thought that film or any other medium should deviate from the familiar or commonplace! And forget about standards of excellence. How many even know what it means any longer? Scholastic provincialism is the norm, mediocrities is revered, excellence is feared when not hated. It's rampant in academia, consequently it's reflected everywhere, even in many once fine but now run-down theaters owned by slum-landlord types.

Because Boorman's *ZARDOZ* doesn't

adhere to conventional linear principles, many have rashly cited it as a failure. Canby, however, reassures us that it is in that it "... exposes Boorman as someone of considerable less wit, discipline and good sense than I thought of the man who made *POINT BLANK* and even *DELIVER-ANCE*." — Appearing in the N.Y. Times, of course, gives it added dignity and integrity (though how they do it without *B.C.* or *Dick Tracy* is a mystery).

Several centuries ago, Dean Jonathan Swift's intellectual genius also co-founded academia and other status quo elite with "Gulliver's Travels," a mind-blowing, non-linear view of the world. Even more than 300 years later, Swift dazzles or confounds. About a century ago, Lewis Carroll went still further, took a magical tour Through the Looking Glass with Alice — and millions have been tripping out, men-





tally, or escalating their senses, or just enjoying themselves (or all three, or more, at one time). And many have, in the process, gone on to discover that most of "society" does indeed consist of nothing but a pack of cards.

Yes—**BARBARELLA**, **THE APES**' series, **2001**, etc., etc.—all of them can be recognized in **ZARDOZ**, plus lots of other stuff. Looking backward, though, it's hard for me to recall when I have last seen such a great, non-plastic, non-conforming f---k-the-critics movie. Flaws and all, **ZARDOZ** distinguishes itself above many highly touted films by being impossible to forget and disturbingly unorthodox.

British-born writer-director Boorman, who created the mind-jarring **DELIVER-**

Opposite page: Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling. **Above:** Sean Connery as Zed has his thoughts waves projected by his captors, the Eternals. **Below:** An Exterminator, about to kill his god, Zed, commands.

(Continued on page 54.)



SLAYMATE OF THE MONTH:

INGRID PIT



In a brief span of her 20 years, Ingrid Pitt has earned her living in nearly a dozen ways. At various times she's been a ballet dancer, model, ballerina, tennis girl, TV director, photo-artist, cook, actress, and... actress. Her latest talents in the final category have given cause to AIP and Hammer to sign her for their co-production of *THE VAMPIRE LOVERS* several months ago.

Ingrid was born in Poland but spent her early life in East Berlin, and it was there where she got her first taste of acting. She persuaded Helmut Weigel, head of Deutscht Heimat, to make her a member of the Berliner Ensemble Theatre. After three years of making the coffee and doing trivial roles, she got her first break. The actress she underlined in *MOTHER COURAGE* became ill and Ingrid took her place with great success. But before she could capitalize on it, her life took a radical change.

Walking one day by the River Spree, which divides the two Berlin's, she heard shots being fired nearby. Thinking the guard might be shooting at her, she panicked and dove into the water. Reaching the other side, she was rescued by a very surprised American Army officer. Finding herself free to go where she wanted, she chose America. Ingrid used her good looks to advantage and took up modeling. But she soon got bored with that. So, she bought an old car and set off on a 20 thousand mile tour of the States. She then spent eight months on Indian reservations, living with the Sioux and Navajos. After that she decided to leave America, in silicon, she quickly found work as an actress, made a number

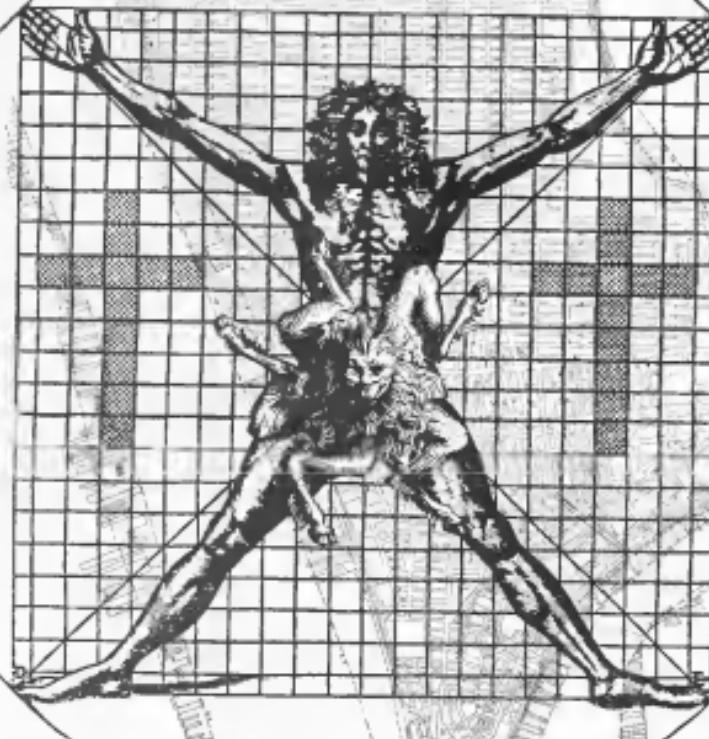


of *Irma La Douce*, and died after a long battle with breast cancer. (This image of *Irma*, in all, was voted the sexiest. While this may be, she was equally important to the MCA, who in itself had MCA not thinking the singer to be cast in *Irma La Douce* (1963), gave her the blockbuster *Butterfield 8*, which earned her a second Oscar, and the part, her first image to new costar Richard Burton, foraged *Clint Eastwood*.)

As a result of her look from *Irma*, Elizabeth Taylor disappeared from screen sight for 10 years. While her *Irma* looks, which once and now, are remarkable in texture, had *Butterfield* very much to do with the new sex symbol star of the decade.

Some of her most recognizable looks, to date outside *Irma* (left to right): *THE KISS IN THE HARBOR*, *NOTHIN' TO ORDER*, *ED LORO*, *THE OMEN*, *THE PRINCE THAT DIPPED THE GOLD COUNTRY*, *IDIOT*, and *THE WIZARD OF OZ*.

—ANDREW L.



Some people faint. Others vomit. A theater manager in Toronto says, "We have a plumper practically living here now." And, in Chicago, a psychiatrist gave treatment to two moviegoers. The shrink, Dr. Louis Schlan, says, "Several people have become clinically ill—unable to function adequately in their usual capacity—some to the point of requiring hospitalization after seeing the film. We are all neurotics. There is no one without a neurosis which might be just waiting to be triggered off by a film such as *THE EXORCIST*."

Author William Peter Blatty makes his second *Carson* Show appearance. Dir-

ector William Friedkin sets off on a nationwide college speaking tour. And meanwhile, in San Francisco, a real exorcism. Father Karl Pazzati, a Jesuit priest, with the approval of Archbishop Joseph T. McGucken, performed 14 exorcisms between August 19, 1973 and September 18, 1973, on a young Daly City, California, couple and their two-year-old child. The family experienced "attacks of the devil" which, according to Father Pazzati, included "the throwing around of shoes, breaking windows, putting towels on fire, hitting them and thousands of other dirty tricks." The couple experienced the phenomena be-

THE



EXORCIST

fore the release of the box-office breaking Warner Brothers film, and they had not read Blatty's best-seller. The demons were dispelled with the words, "I command you, whoever you are, unclean spirit, and all of your associates obsessing this friend of God, I command you to obey in all these things nor ever again offend this creature of God."

Father Pazzati has since executed another exorcism in Sacramento. Other real-life exorcisms are detailed in a recent paperback by Martin Ebon (editor of "Psychic Discoveries By The Russians").





Blatty's carefully researched novel, in fact, was based on a church documented case of exorcism involving a 14-year-old boy which took place in Maryland in 1949.

Blatty wrote his own screenplay and maintained a degree of control by functioning as his own producer, commenting, "Too often the producer or the director or the actor or his wife will comment more often than change upon a script than Laemmle's dog wrought upon a gentlewoman's furbangle in *'Two Gentlemen of Verona.'*" Even so, there were arguments between Blatty and Friedkin in the final weeks of work before release of the \$10 million production.

In the part, Friedkin has remarked on the importance of sound: "The use of effective sound effects is, I feel, as important as the picture... The manner in which all the elements are combined, and how sound effects orchestrated the scene—that makes it effective." In *THE EXORCIST* this emphasis on sound (with theater volume at maximum) is used to create a sensory assault and adds to the total impact of the film. But is it possible that the bass vibrations might have something to do with the cases of faintings and vomitings? One patient, while being carried out on a stretcher, "Four dollars and I only lasted 20 minutes..." In any case, Friedkin says the Warner sound department can't be beat, which is why he did all post-production work on the West Coast instead of the East where he filmed.

Friedkin's desire for sonic gratification has resulted in a stirring soundtrack score. Bernard Herrmann was contacted, perhaps with the feeling that he might top his great scores for Hitchcock, Welles and Truffaut. Herrmann flew from London to New York to see the rough cut, and then turned down the job, stating: "There is only one great film which has its credits at the end, gentlemen, and that's *CITIZEN KANE*." Without opening credits, a composer is deprived of the opportunity to establish the mood of the picture with an "overture," so Herrmann grabbed the next plane



Double-page spread: Regan (Linda Blair) in one of the many possession scenes. Above: Regan is examined by Dr. Klaas (Charles Heyman). Regan's mother (Ellen Burstyn). Opposite page (bottom): Father Karras (Jason Miller) and Father Mullen (Max Von Sydow) deer Regan's lead.



to London, N.Y., and then to Mexico City, where he was to appear for FULL METAL JACKET, 1977's *IDENTS ANALYSES*, and other films dealing with the political and social work; but that was cut short. Alan Alda, 40, in 1980, was, after the success of *MADE IN DODGE CITY*, one of the most popular of television's leading men.

Now, though, he's back in Los Angeles, and, like many other former *MADE IN DODGE CITY* stars, Alan Alda and David Caruso, with whom he had a brief, equally bittersweet liaison, consider the growth of this series (now only in 200 episodes) as a success, but also as *BONNIE AND CINDY*.

Indeed, we may only have a few more months of life left—apparently it's a matter of more energy rather than the final result—but of his contributions to the show, we can't complain. Yet another case of the "small world" which deserves plaudits is the Devil's voice, 70-year-old Leo G. Carroll, who, like Linda Blair in *ANIMALS* and, in a minor role, in *THE KING'S SPEECH* (with Mercedes McCambridge, best known for her perhaps career-appropriate *SHARK* and *TOUCH OF EVIL*). There's no mention of Carroll in the credits, however, though for the sake of accuracy, Carroll was listed as "77" in the credits of *FRANKENSTEIN*.

In addition to his *MADE IN DODGE CITY* features, Friedman says he has "a lot of 400" shows to his credit. "With the exception of my feature debut, the bouncy 1967 Sonny and Cher musical, *GOOD TIMES*, Friedman seems to be unable to make a loss. Perhaps the success of *THE ENDLESS LOVE* will result in better distribution for his latest, the 1968 film version of Harold Pinter's *BIRTHDAY PARTY*, produced by Milton Subotsky with Robert Shaw and Patrick Nagel.

—Markie Fair

No matter what you've read about *THE EXORCIST*, it wasn't bad enough. Director William Friedkin and author William Peter Blatty are solid, I'll give them that, but then so were the Nazis. *THE EXORCIST* is quite simply the dumbest, most insidiously anti-intellectual movie I have ever come across.

The story, I point out uncharitably, is about a exorcist, by Catholic priests, of a demon who has possessed a twelve-year-old girl. The central character of the film is, for me, Father Karras, a handsome, athletic psychopathologist who is on the verge of losing his faith but whose faith is restored when he witnesses, at first hand, \$10 million worth of Warner Brothers' special effects. The point of *EXORCIST* is that religion is the key to the mysterious of the unknown (one of which is surely the popularity of this film). Science and medicine and psychiatry are dismissed as so much atheist blather. It's no wonder the 12-year-old demons throw up. Who could swallow a line like that?

Can audiences really enjoy *EXORCIST*? The film doesn't scare you, stand is what you get from reading "The Turn of the Screw." It does make the audience tense, sure—but that's because sitting through *EXORCIST* is like looking at films of war atrocities for two hours. I can't believe the blood and gore becomes fatless just because it's make believe.

What a really saddening about *EXORCIST* is all the time and money lavished on these hideous special effects. Imagine all the American know-how that went into figuring out how to project vomit across a room? It's enough to make one demonstrate how life can imitate art.

Art, however, is too strong a word for *THE EXORCIST*, and director Friedkin has, in fact, suffered many artistic criticisms. Friedkin reportedly has said, "When I see a film by somebody else for somebody, I'll tell 'em, '"

Who it James Joyce who pointed out that art is an anguish of art?"

— San Francisco Bay Guardian

THE EXORCIST has generated a media brouhaha that, conversely, the film itself cannot hope to fulfill the expectations which the ballyhoo stimulates. Structurally, the movie is similar to innumerable horror pictures of far more modest pretensions: expository sequences alternate with episodes of gore, the latter increasing in duration and impact to at least culminate in a crescendo of scenes of protracted agony. On that framework is hung the story of a small girl (Linda Blair) who is possessed by a demon. The internal external engorges behavior which evokes external horrors for the child's innocent young body. As recompense for misdeeds ranging from anguish to homicide, Miss Blair suffers shock treatment, electro-encephalographs, two spinal taps, and, finally, a brutal beating at the fish of a trained boxer.

The plot is nothing in incident, but the events which comprise it are not so much terrifying as they are gross. The screen's bizarre acts and sequences supply the pretext for some really disturbing imagery; however, like the novels of the Marquis de Sade, these phenomena so far exceed the accustomed boundaries of horror that the movie topples finally into the realm of comedy. Perhaps the line which separates shrills from laughter is thinner than any of us suspect. Yet there is one

genuinely chilling frisson at the instant when the poor kid's possessions become complete: her eyes roll up into her head, she suddenly acquires superhuman strength and commences to howl profanities in a voice not her own. Wade on the top of frightening factors, it cannot be denied that the musical selection (numerous contemporary composers like Crabb, Pendleton, Webster and others) serve to enhance the horrific atmosphere.

The film's effectiveness is often compensated by roles poorly conceived and performed. Jason Miller and Maxine Audley adequately play their stereotyped parts as, respectively, the hero and his wise old mentor, Elmer Buntyn is the "seminarist," that is to say, she's the cheerleader-in-chief whose task it is to focus audience reaction whenever anything dreadful occurs. The depth which defines her character, however, falls short of engaging our sympathies; she portrays as abrasively bitchy actress who is employed in the filming of a typically risqué one- "vampiro" movie; apparently she is also on friendly terms with the White House (she is invited there for an intimate dinner early in the proceedings). Is it any wonder that Jane Fonda refused this role?

Most questionable of all, however, are the accolades which have descended upon the head of Linda Blair for her performance as the demon's chosen habitation. Although her face and form lend themselves felicitously to the special effects and makeup departments, one should keep in mind that her voice is heard only in those scenes which depict the victim prior to satanic invasion; in these introductory sequences her acting, as such it can be called, is mediocre at best. The guttural intonations of her fiendish occupant are provided by Mercedes McCambridge, a lady to whom the obsequious do not come easily, but who none the less contributes what is certainly the finest portrayal in the film.

Whether failure or not, *THE EXORCIST* is perhaps especially noteworthy in its capacity to vindication for fans of hard-core gore. If it's true that *LAST TANGO IN PARIS* could never have been filmed, were it not for the excesses of *DEEP THROAT* and others of that ilk, then it is equally true that *THE EXORCIST* would not have come into past, had not *LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT* already broken the ice, among other things. Like it or not, there exists a sizable audience for gory, sadistic nonsense. Do the more civilized among us have a right to deny this audience its preference? I think not.

Lastly, we have no doubt hours of people who stood in line four hours to see this movie, then threw up in midline and walked out. Of course, I can't say for sure, but my guess is that these people hadn't gone to see a gory movie since 1955. Several semi-cynical critics have dismissed *EXORCIST* as "distasteful" and "horrific." Most honest thrillers, good or bad, are subject to this interpretation, but that's beside the point. These critics arguments all boil down to the same basic complaint:

"What's this? A real, honest-to-good honest movie? Can't have that!"

If these people had seen *KILL, BABY, KILL*, or *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, or even such coarse, garden-variety stomach-chewers as *DON'T LOOK IN THE BASEMENT*, they wouldn't be so quick to point that accusing finger.

— Paul Rose

WHY THE LINES ARE LONG...

I'll say up front that *THE EXORCIST* really blew me away. I hadn't read the book or even reviews of the book, and was totally unprepared for the shock of it all. And shock it has plenty. After seeing it, I, a veteran horror aficionado, went around ranting on all the lights at night, jumping at strange noises, and so forth. Like when I was younger, and impressionable, and saw *DAY OF THE TRUFFIDS*, afterwards contracting this strange panic-paranoia. It was shameful.

Slowly as I was, I followed the publicity that accompanied *EXORCIST*'s release in such the same way as a leper tracks a leprosy. I saw the Mary Griffin show, she and wife Shelly and Friedkin and Ramsey, etc., I saw Jason Miller on the "Tonight Show," witnessed Linda Blair and her mother on the *Mike Douglas* show, read the reviews in *Time*, *Rolling Stone*, etc. I was even watching when *EXORCIST* opened over the bulk of the much-coveted, highly touted Golden Globe awards.

And it is this time I have discovered something: everybody's got this hang-up, see—not the same one, you understand, but some private, personal hang-up. And *THE EXORCIST*, somehow, does an everyone's hang-up. Despite cleary say it will be a boon to religion, failing clergy say it'll be a boon to religion, failing clergy say it's all a bunch of bullsh*t, and everyone to ignore the whole matter; hopefully say the film does the Devil's work. Psychologists anal it as a threat to mental health. Newsmen dug up pastoreans' myologies. Critics bashed it, or may they do, almost unanimously. Because to do otherwise would be to join the mass, the wad, and admit that the little bit of underhanded trillulation that is the work's essence had gotten through to them also; they might have to confess that there was, perhaps, one slight when every right in the human was on! And, of course, to critics, men of learning and taste, such admission would come hard.

As for the audience, they have their hang-ups too, and a lot of them are widely shared: everybody likes the Devil, everybody hopes God's still hanging in there, somewhere, and will be along eventually to pull us out of this pit we're dug for ourselves. And the personal, individual hang-ups, God knows, are beyond cataloguing. Whatever they are, however, have no doubt but that *THE EXORCIST* panders to them as eagerly as Linda Lovelace sucking her heart out for the porno crowd.

Beyond all that there's the fat thing, and the stinks thing ("You haven't seen it yet? Well, I have, and believe me, it's really too much, especially when her hand carts around backwards, cooohh!"). So the lines form, the crowds jam the moviehouse, and all's right in Hollywood.

— D. Raymond Belli

THE EXORCIST emerged after a troubled year of production, and post-production, as an amazing film, and one destined to become at the very least a home classic. The first and most chilling home scenes are disturbing as well as frightening. Director William Friedkin's film will be profoundly disturbing to audiences, especially the more sensitive and those who tend to "live" the movies they see.

Now since *PSYCHO* or *Jack Clayton's* semi-fidelity-themed *THE INNOCENTS* has the art of film been so powerfully manipulated to grip and horrify an audience. It must be admitted that the highly unusual and explicit nature of some of the material is apt to meet with heavy criticism in certain areas, particularly in that a child is involved. (*PAPER MOON*'s troubles in Dallas stemmed entirely from the fact that its wild epithets were spoken by a child.)

Although some editing room compromises have clearly been made (last editor: Mr. Friedman), what remains is still far beyond the bounds of what has hitherto been permissible in R-rated product, and it amounts to abetment the sexual delusions of anyone whose sensibilities are prone to easy shattering. There can be no question as to the integrity and sincere intelligence with which these aspects are presented, but the frank depiction, for instance, of a hysterical child screaming the most graphic obscenities as she endures her frenzied exorcist to violate her body, this is one of the comparatively mild moments in going to upset a lot of people, including many Catholics. Not so me, and this is a real dagger—materialists types who will see the film but only hear “reports” of its supposed blasphemy and licentiousness.

Surprise it to say, there has never been anything like it on the screen before. Director Friedman and producer-writer Blatty have pulled a real movie rabbit out of a well-worn genre hat and done it in a crisp, contemporary style designed to thrill even those who thought God ground on a few years back. They spell the film's success in no powerful terms: the basic assumption of belief in the supernatural seems entirely credible. Its measured approach is graphic yet harmonious in a manner Val Lewellen would have approved, and none of its imagery is terrifying in such a personal, even painful way that it may stand as the only film ever to give grownups nightmares. 14 year-old Linda Blair is transformed into what may be the screen's most horrifying creature (and in no small measure to Dick Smith's fantastic makeup and Mercedes McCambridge's weird ditzed vocal).

Although much of the film's impact depends on surprise, it is well enough known that the plot revolves around a movie actress (Lillian Barty) bring temporarily in Washington with her perhaps excessively lovesick little daughter (Linda Blair) while making a film. Strange events in the aerie are followed by strange behavior from the child. She urinates on the carpet in front of party guests and is terrified when her bed begins to vibrate. Uncontrollable rages of supernormal proportions and screaming obscenities follow. Physical and psychiatric tests reveal nothing. A complete personality change is followed by loosening sores and a physical change so grotesque that it chills even its creators. The distraught mother's last hope is an exorcist, descended rather gingerly as a legitimate part of the Catholic faith but one which has been relegated to closet status in the wake of psychiatry's ascendancy. A psychiatrist played by screen-playwright Jason Miller agrees to see the girl although he is suffering from personal and spiritual problems of his own, which are used against her by the creature (or exorcist) inside the girl's body. Boldly priest Max von Sydow, the Church's ace exorcist, is summoned and a battle between good and evil unfolds which could easily have been either too silly or too revolting to tolerate. But under Friedman and special effects expert Marcel Vercoutre it's not only believable, it seems to be happening right in front of you. It's a whiz-kid-like fight all the way and, physically, viewing the film could be considered a two-hour nonstop exercise, it's that tense.

Friedman isn't above using such hoary devices as shock cuts to keep the audience offcenter, but he uses them they work. And he dirives a superb, poignant performance from the always-excellent, Miss Barty, who provides a necessary core of human feeling, as well as providing Miller with a smash career debut as the tormented young priest whose final act of self-sacrifice is the key to the girl's survival. As for young Linda Blair, it is probably the most demanding role a child has ever played, and one can only hope she has been lying down

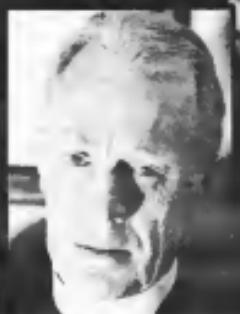
Father Karras (Jason Miller), in the process of exorcism, with the child, Father Merrin and Kamala (Vivien Sydney and Miller) are casted by screen-playwrights Blatty and Friedman as Father Lewellen



somewhere quietly since Wimpy was completed.

To some *THE EXORCIST* may seem more than art, and the film is certainly not without flaws. The psychological insights of the book have been sacrificed to rapid pacing, the Shekelle Jewish detective (Lee J. Cobb) and the most dubious (the late Jack MacGowran, meancat) are woefully underdeveloped characters, and certain plot points are brought up only to be dropped, unexplained. But these are regrettably typical deficiencies in transferring a book to the screen and it must be noted that the movie sticks closer to it literary sources than most.

— Joe Dante, Jr.



THE CURSE THAT HANGS OVER THE EXORCIST



THE EXORCIST has now been seen by millions; it's going on to become the most financially successful film ever made. Scores of critics have written about it, and millions of words have expressed all opinions, ideas, and so on from all parts of the country. And everyone who's seen the film has been thrilled, frightened, disgusted—or has experienced all these feelings and then some.

But few realize the strange forces that plagued the filming of the movie, delayed the production with weird accidents, unexplained deaths and apparitions comprise another story. A story that may even be weirder than the film itself!

In one of his interviews, director William Friedkin described the haunting experienced by his production staff from the very time filming started around two years ago. Despite the film's unparalleled success, Friedkin has said he's had trouble sleeping nights and that **THE EXORCIST** has definitely given him the shakes.

"I'm not a convert to the occult," he says, "but after all I've seen on this film, I definitely believe in demonic possession. There are things that cannot be treated by medical or psychiatric means. It seems strange, foreign and impossible, but it exists."

There were many who said the book could never be filmed because of its revolting filth and horror. But Warner Brothers bought the film rights for \$641,000, and Friedkin was assigned to direct. He was determined to preserve the book's shock value "to get people to suspend disbelief," as he puts it.

Shooting for **THE EXORCIST** began in August, 1972, and was originally scheduled to take 105 days. And then, . . . strange forces intervened; the filming finally took more than 200 days.

Says Friedkin: "We were plagued by strange and sinister things from the beginning. It is simply the hardest thing I have ever done in my life."

First the set was destroyed by a freakish fire that no one can explain, including the guard who was alone on the set when the fire broke out. Shooting was delayed for six weeks while the set was rebuilt.

Strange tragedies and mysterious accidents haunted the cast and crew.

Max von Sydow, who plays the film's exorcist, learned of his brother's death in Sweden on the same day he arrived for his first scene. This caused more delay while the actor was in Sweden for the funeral.

Linda Blair, who plays the demon's victim, lost her grandfather during the first week of filming.

Irish actor Jack MacGowran (the old eccentric professor of **THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS**) plays a movie director who is brutally murdered by the demon-possessed girl. He dropped dead one week after filming the murder scene.

Accidents happened far more frequently than is usual in location shooting. A carpenter cut his thumb off. Another worker lost his toe. Ellen Burstyn wrenches her back and was out of filming for two weeks.

Jason Miller nearly lost his five-year-old son to the demons of the movie. The boy was playing on an empty beach when a motorcycle appeared from nowhere and struck him down. He survived, but he was under intensive care and on the critical list for several weeks.

Delays ran the picture \$2½ million over its budget. One was caused when a ten-foot statue of the demon was shipped to Iraq for location shooting. It ended up in Hong Kong and two weeks were lost.

Another set was made useless when a sprinkler system broke down and flooded it.

On top of all these unnatural happenings, there are the other occult mysteries captured on film:

As Friedkin says, "There are strange images and visions that showed up on film that were never planned. There are double exposures in the little girl's face at the end of one reel that are unbelievable."

Friedkin, in a way, is not surprised that a demon had apparently been blocking his production of **THE EXORCIST**. One of the things that had affected him about Blatty's novel was its basis in a real incident based on a case of demonic possession in the Georgetown section of Washington, D.C.; it occurred while Blatty was a student there in 1948. In

real life, a boy had been possessed, but Blatty changed the character to a girl to protect the boy from painful memories.

This shift has given rise to rumors that the movie is based on events that really happened to Shirley MacLaine. Actually, says Friedkin, Blatty merely used Shirley as a model for the mother's character when he shifted the victim's character.

Though the characters are fictional, Friedkin's research confirmed that the events described in **THE EXORCIST** really happened.

"This particular boy in the 1948 case on which the film was based," he says, "met all the requirements for exorcism as set forth by the Church."

Witnesses testified that "the boy was speaking in a voice not his own. He was possessed of super-human powers. He broke the arm of the priest performing the exorcism. His bed shook up and down."

Friedkin interviewed one eyewitness who vividly described the horrible events. "I talked to his aunt, a middle-aged, middle-class, totally straight, pulled-together woman, and she told me she was there when the furniture moved to block the path of the priest called to exorcise the demon."

Even this aunt had been skeptical, until she got on the bed with the boy to calm him down and was thrown across the room to a wall.

"The priest spent the night in the room on a mat that slid all over the floor. The furniture tried to attack him. The boy would vomit strange-smelling fluids."

Blatty and Friedkin are probably wondering meanwhile if all of the film's macabre problems are over. Though the film was an instant smash hit from the day it opened, later winning the coveted Golden Globe awards, and then going on to collect Ten Academy Award Nominations, there was one more incident no one counted on. When the Oscars were finally presented, **THE EXORCIST** barely made it, missing out on all the top Awards and just squeaking by with two of the smaller Oscars: Best Screenplay, and Best Sound. As Blatty commented about this terrible disappointment: "They killed us!"

—Benjamin Fort

cf Interview:

WILLIAM FRIEDKIN

The substance of the following article by William Friedkin is essentially from an exclusive session conducted by the University of Georgia's Film Department over which Friedkin presided. Privately, while he is very interesting, Friedkin also proved one of the most difficult people to interview; this impression is evident and conveyed in the short but exclusive interview he had with *Cf* (at the end of this article) and by the interviewer's personal experience during this private session. Quite indicative of Friedkin's personality, and how difficult it is to arrange a private interview with him, is that out of a number of important newspapers and national magazines attempting to reach him at this time (Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1974), *Cf* was the only publication able to get near him.

WILLIAM FRIEDKIN SPEAKS

"I'M A STORY TELLER...."

What's happened to the American film industry is that it has lost the audience to an enormous extent, because we started to make films that were only entertaining. The technique was fantastic, but where was the story? It's only recently that the motion picture industry in this country has gotten back to realizing what it is that we do. All I do as a director is serve the audience. I'm a story teller. Now, I can choose to tell those stories to myself or to you, and I choose to tell them to audiences. I choose to try to share with audiences those stories that fascinate me. It took me a couple of films to get to that. It took me a couple of films to realize that I didn't have a license to make movies just for myself, while nothing I do will ever talk down to you as an audience.

Last year's audience was 18 million admissions a week. And that may sound like a lot of people, but actually we're losing our audience at an incredible rate. The movie industry is dying in many different ways. As I said, the movie audience was 18 million a week

last year. But in 1946 it amounted to over 80 million tickets per week. Over \$6 million a week—not matter what was playing. They didn't even know the titles of the films, but moviegoing was a habit.

My opinion is not just the reasons that television has made that's taken the audience from theaters—not at all, because where there is a picture that the audience wants to see, a *GODFATHER* or a *LOVE STORY*, a picture like that, or a *POSEIDON ADVENTURE*, then you can't get a ticket and stand in line for hours in the rain and snow. What I think is that the filmmakers of my generation—and I was about the age of, I would say, the average guy sitting around here when I started making films—gave up the basic fundamental reasons why people go to movies, which in my opinion is an emotional, visceral reaction to laugh, to cry or to be scared. I can't really think of another reason to go to movies other than on an educational level or the documentary film which is no longer really a factor in exhibition. No, people pay money



to become emotionally involved in the story. And that, it turns out, is all people. It's why I go to movies. For the same reasons. I don't have any high-brow, esoteric pictures that I like that the audience has rejected. I like the same pictures, generally, that most people like, and for the same reasons. And so do most filmmakers, by the way, that I know.

One of the things that we gave up was the idea that the movies are a story telling medium, and we got into this business with an obsession that cinema came first. The thing that we abandoned was story in favor of technique. When I first had the opportunity to come into film, the New Wave from France had just begun to be important to filmmakers: the films of Truffaut and Godard and Resnais



and Chabrol. The French New Wave had influenced the young generation of American filmmakers to an extraordinary degree. It brought most of us into the cinema to begin with—but what it took away was it caused most of us to imitate the work of the New Wave and, as it happens, it did not involve the American experience, the American lifestyle, the American way of thinking and presenting a story to an American audience. What we were literally doing was copying the work of the French New Wave and we were getting this opportunity to do it by all the major studios, many of whom went down the drain in the process. It's only in recent years that young filmmakers of my generation have come back to the essential story values and have put technique where it belongs into a highly important but secondary position of serving the needs of a story.

CRITICS AND ACTORS

I've had my share of rave reviews, and I've had my share of knockoffs. I've learned nothing from either. I can't on the one hand be forced into thinking my work is less than it is, nor better. I never read reviews, good or bad, unless someone thrusts them in front of me. I'm much more interested in audience reaction, because it's made for the audience. Anyone who has not made a film in some way is of dubious opinion.

Every performance is something that we discuss in detail and rehearse before it ever gets to the stage. Fifty per cent of the effectiveness of a performance is the way you cast it to begin with. First of all, having someone chosen who you feel can do it over someone else. And then after that, you have to make yourself very clear as to what the intent of the story is and what you feel their character's intent in fitting into the fabric of the story. And then you have to be very clear in the directions you give. In a scene, I will suggest a staging that I've already worked out, that I feel is the way I want the scene to be choreographed. I'll give the actors that choreography and then let them see if it fits. And if they



At left: William Friedkin, left; William Peter Blatty. Opposite page: Jason Miller, Betty and Ellen Burstyn center between takes on *THE EXORCIST* set.

come up with improvements on it, I'll generally go with those improvements.

THE SUBLIMINAL CUT

The subliminal cut is the most important discovery the motion picture has made, in my opinion, since the close-up. And much more important than the dissolve or other discoveries that came afterward: that became a part of the story telling process on film. The subliminal cut is the single most provocative and useful tool that a filmmaker has today as a storytelling device because it really expresses the way all of us think in cinematic terms. The way we're walking down the street or we're talking to each other and while you're looking at me or listening to me or I at you, we're thinking



on something else constantly. The way the mind reaches into God knows where for a picture out of our subconscious. Not simply in dreams, but in the waking state. And that's what the motion picture can do better than any other medium.

The first time I ever saw the subliminal cut used was in a documentary made by a friend of mine called Alan Resnais who made, in addition to the documentary (which was called *NIGHT AND FOG*) *Last Year at Marienbad*, *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* and *La Guerre Est Finie*. It was a documentary of the concentration camps. In color, he had long tracking shots of this concentration camp overgrown with flowers and weeds and looking rather pretty, rather pleasant. If you didn't know what it was, it would look like a park of some kind. And the cameras would do these long tracking shots and then there would be sudden, quick interruptions to stock footage of the bodies piled one on top of another in what had been the situation of these camps. He would interrupt these beautiful tracking shots with stoic, almost imperceptible, macabre bursts of faces stricken in horror and a hundred tortured corpses. That was the first time he did that in a film, and then he went on to do it in his feature.

When I met Alan, I asked him, "Do you realize that you have arrived at the most profound invention and useful tool that a filmmaker in my generation has ever . . ." "And he said, "Really?" And I said, "Yeah. How did you get that?" What were you thinking about?" He said, "I don't know. We were putting this film together and I thought it would be a good idea to just cast and I only had a short piece of stock I could buy." And I said, "Alan, do you know how much this has influenced filmmakers and TV people and everything in this country?" And he said, "No." I said, "Well, if style was copy rightable, you could not every filmmaker in America for copying your style." He said, "Really?" That's very interesting."

It turns out that everything that he had done in all of his work came about—and it's true of most filmmakers, myself included—of



necessity. It's very seldom that you sit down and think out the most dazzling things that happen in a film. What you do for the most part as a filmmaker is you have to be open enough to pander over happy accident.

KEN RUSSELL, KINNOCK, WELLES AND OTHERS

I didn't like *THE DEVILS*. I thought it was pitched on too historical a level for me. It was graphic and imaginative, but I didn't feel that there was any element of possible identification with it. I saw Whiting's play in New York. It might not have been a good production, I didn't care for the play. It was too many confusions for me—for my own taste, I thought the look of *THE DEVILS* was hellish and I think that Ken Russell very often tends to think more about predominant values than he does content. He makes beautiful pictures, imagery, and very often the feelings suffer and I think he shows off. He's got a lot to show off. He's a brilliantly talented man, but in the case of *THE DEVILS*, I couldn't get anywhere near it. First of all, it was set in Never-never land. It wasn't set in a historical time period. It was set in some weird-looking thing that was really beautiful to me, but kept distracting me from what I felt the intent of the piece was.

The most recent film—oh, I liked *SECRET* very much. I liked *AMERICAN GRAFFITI*. And I liked *MAGNUM FORCE*, which is the best picture I saw last year. Putting aside what it is trying or what's meant to be saying about politics or anything, it just works for me technically and I'm excited by it. I liked *JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL*. I really did. I never read the book, but I was really impressed with how they made it. It doesn't seem to be working for audiences, but the work that went into it is extraordinary. It's a beautifully made movie to me. Forget the message or the text or anything—just the filmmaking I admire. I couldn't have done it. One of my criteria is when I look at a film and say, "I couldn't have touched it. I don't know how the hell they even went about that."

I recently felt that about *2001* and *THE GODFATHER*. I feel that's great filmmaking.

I'm not a good guy to talk about *CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, because I don't like it and I like everything else from Kubrick pretty much. If I had such a thing as a *Tea Box List*, which I don't, he would have two films on it which would be *PATHÉS OF GLORY* and *2001*, but *CLOCKWORK* just passed me completely. I happen to think that Kubrick is the best filmmaker today.

CITIZEN KANE was really the first film that turned for me and it turned over some kind of sigma in me and made me think, "This is what I want to do. I want to make movies just like that, because that to me is the best film I've ever seen." It's a quarry for filmmakers the same way that Joyce's *Ulysses* is a quarry for writers. It's all there in *CITIZEN KANE*. Very early on in my career I studied *KANE* in the *Movies*. I took it out and studied it frame by frame and learned so much from that picture that I'm still using, still discovering, as I go along.

The film that I liked best in the past five or so years, I guess, would be *2001*. And—well, there aren't really too many more that I think are that great. I don't tend to have lists, but the most influential films to me over a long period of time—I would say that *THE GODFATHER* is one of the best of the last five years. The most influential films to me have been *CITIZEN KANE*, *ALL ABOUT EVE*, *PATHÉS OF GLORY*, *WHITE HEAT*, *2001*, *RIFIFI*, *THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE*, mostly older films. *GODFATHER*, I would say. *CABARET*, I think, was very good. To me, the films that go into that category are ones that tend to contribute to the language of cinema, not just entertain, but tend to be not necessarily commercial at the time they're made but tend to have a lasting value for filmmakers. In other words, Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" is a piece of music that, whether you like or don't like it, has changed the course of music in the 20th century. And the films that I just mentioned fit that category in a technical sense. To an ex-

tent, *BONNIE AND CLYDE* did, but I don't happen to be that much of a fan of it, but that film did have a profound effect on the nature of the way we work.

These earlier films I mentioned are really the watershed of films of the 20th century and everything that went on in *BONNIE AND CLYDE* took place in *WHITE HEAT* some 20, 25 years before.

AND HITCHCOCK

I worked for Hitchcock, as a matter of fact. The very first film I did on a soundstage was an *ALFRED HITCHCOCK HOUR*. I made the very last Hitchcock hour ever made. My sole contact with Hitchcock was while I was dressing. I was about 19 or 20 at the time, maybe I was a little older. I was on the set. I was very nervous and Hitchcock, who had very little to do with the series at that time, had come in to film his introduction. He came over to me and he said, "Mr. Freedon," I said, "Yes?" He said, "I see that you're not wearing a tie." And I thought he was putting me on, and I said, "No sir, I'm not." And instead, I wasn't wearing a tie. He said, "Usually our doctors wear ties." And he turned and walked away. That's all I've ever learned from Hitchcock. [Laughter.]

All About *THE EXORCIST*

I think that one function of entertainment is catharsis. I wouldn't want a steady diet of *EXORCIST* kind of films, any more than I would want every movie to be *AIRPORT* or every movie to be *POSEIDON ADVENTURE* or *CITIZEN KANE*. No audience can take a steady diet of anything. But there is very little film in existence if you examine the history of cinema in that country, I know that we've had a new wave, but that country usually comes up from things like that and not only survives, but gets better. The whole political situation in this country I see as a hopeful sign. I don't see it as a disaster at all. I think it's better that this stuff be out of the closet and open and expand, and let people see what the hell it is that we've caused our politicians to become

(Continued on page 56)

FRANKENSTEIN TV

movieguide

PAJAMA PARTY (82 min—AIP, 1964). Despite the huffing and puffing of veterans like George C. Scott, Lee J. Cobb, and Eli Wallach, and their depression over Dalton Trumbo, the talentless series and direction (minor cult hero Don Wells) makes this a prime example of the worst of AIP. Over-age Marlon Brando (Tommy Kirk's involvement in beach party type antics prevents him from launching an Earth invasion). He played virtually the same part in Larry Blyden's even-worse 1966 semi-remake, the studio-for-fun **MARS NEEDS WOMEN**. Annmarie Palusello, Odette Loren, Suzy Hart, etc. Color.

PANDA AND THE MAGIC SERPENT (76 min—MGM, 1961). Japanese cartoon feature, based (it says) on an ancient Chinese fable. Panda, little dragon god and flowers of the wise princess from *Spells of the Magic Serpent*. Animation is nice, but more like a *psycho* boy than a *Cl. 500* or *Flintstones* level. Voices: Marlon Brando, Milton Berle, Utae Lee. Color.

PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN (123 min—MGM, 1952). Staged stock (a few spots) but extremely hokey modern fantasy—very rewarding and quite moving for those who can appreciate the dream-like pace. Pantomime Gardner tells of mysterious yaeger-man James Mason who bears a strange supernatural secret. Superb Technicolor photography and direction by Albert Lewin (*THE MOON AND THE SUNSHINE*, *THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY*). Nigel Patrick, Sybil Sim.

PANIC IN THE CITY (98 min—Picture Film Corp., 1967). Released theatrically as a set of *House of Mystery* comic book TV series, confirmed by and derived from *House of TV*, international conspiracy plots. Well III by themselves to distract *Aladdin* in Los Angeles, which would make an even greater blast than opening a new *Berlin* movie. Unremarkable in every respect, but full of familiar faces: Howard Da Silva, Linda Cristal, Stephen McNally, Nehemiah Persoff, Oscar Berna, Anne Jeffreys, Dennis Hopper, Dr. Eddie Davis, Casablanca.

PANIC IN YEAR ZERO (92 min—AIP, 1962). Ray Milland directs and stars in a sporadically effective distillation of *Armageddon* reverting to *Jungle Jim*. Immediately following atomic attack, Script is best when dealing shamelessly from John Christopher's "No Blade of Grass" and the scary city when it starts inventing stock AIP-type situations. The direction itself is pretty good, but Henry Jaglom, fast schlock and relentless sensationalism will eat. Cheap, brassy Lee Baxter songs must have been written for another film and makes the big rage scene seem as if choreographed by *Killer Joe* Pilo. Jean Hagen, Franckie Avalon, Mary Mitchell, Richard Gerecke, Willis Bouchey.

PANORAMA (81 min—Cinemation, 1969). Lethargic meandering, ludicrous scripting and a general air of stupification characterized this ridiculous *Horror-Film* aka-horror *Eye*. In its X-rated theatrical version, which at least had some nudity and suggestions of debauchery to join it along, *Wim*'s the crux: it's a hopeless bore. Directed poorly, the lights going out, noise in the right-hand address in the closet, plus Carroll Baker delivered her usual shrill, monotonous and altogether terrible performance. Youth burns Lou Costello and Connie Stevens more in on wretchedly atonalistic Baker and try to drive her nuts so they can have her estate to themselves. Unpleasantly watchable. *Sex* direction features lotsa zooms. Color.

We are, of course, way past the halfway point, alphabetically, but hardly spadely—the number of titles under U, V, and T alone run into the hundreds combined. Enough to fill up approximately one to 10 times the space in one issue of *Coff*. Naturally, there's all that info from U to Z all in all, enough for the next 7 to 9 issues. And when all of it's "ended," we will have an important announcement to make that will delight and surprise everyone. — Joe Dante, Jr., editor, *Frankenstein TV* (Mystique)

PANOMAIC (90 min—U.S., 1963). Rather than, if I remember correctly, a study of another crazy family with heretical beliefs, is the closest, courtesy of them grizzled-out Samgar, *Heat*, on the direction by Freddie Francis back in the days when it seemed he would develop into a solid, imaginative filmmaker. Unfortunately, his later work (accepting *U.R.L.'s*) has proven flat and uninspired, as if he's lost interest in the genre entirely. *Yuk, Yuk, Yuk*, *Yuk, Yuk, Yuk*. *Heat* goes tormented. Oliver Reed, with Janette Scott (greatest British starlet of the day), Ullate Briones, Alex Davion.

PANDOMY MY SARONG (94 min—U.S., 1962). Early A&C vehicle parodies South Sea Island romances with Bud and Lou doing some hairy romps and strolls. Directed by the great Louis Arnoff. The point is that A&C's films are continually trying to convert into something a bit better than mere sex-flicks, but never does thanks to Universal's unswerving dedication to its comedy-drama-romance formula. Virginia Bruce, Laird Cregar, Ink Spots, Dr. Eric C. Hahn.

PANIC PLAYBOYS (82 min—AIA, 1964). Hamza Hall plays scientist in another quirky self-styled *Boomer Boys* saga. What can we say except that this is a standard road-trip series entry directed seemingly over the phone by William Beaudine and even shorter on production values than the *el cheapo* *Monogram* classics of the prior decade. It takes place in Paris, so expect plenty of rear projections. Leo Gorcey, Vesta Voege.

PANOMAIC



PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES (116 min—Par., 1964). The amiable touch of director Richard Quine sinks this fatigued novel idea for a comedy with but a trace. Screenwriter William Holden has only days to write a pre-aided script and hires Audrey Hepburn (and why not?) to play Captain, barefoot, of tourist pix, spy, star, etc., etc., etc. *Heat* and *comics* fills flat dialogue screened by George Eastman. *Team* story co-written by Julian Duvivier, Marlene Dietrich, Noel Coward, Mel Ferrer, Terry Gillis.

PASSPORT TO ADVENTURE (94 min—EKO, 1964). London charwoman Eric Lomax is approached, she thinks, from home by a "magic eye" owned by her late husband, and sets out for Berlin to kill Hitler and end the war. Sounds more cheesy than it is, but worth a look for Eric's cheery performance. Gordon Oliver, Llopis Cognac, Lenore Au-bert, Fritz Feld, Dr. Ray McCarey.

PATSY (105 min—Par., 1964). Offensively dull, pretentious Jerry Lewis comedy (he directed) has Brechtian endings added seemingly for the deification of his more nadir European admirers. Otherwise comedy electrons in plot (about belboy groomed to replace a star) are too faint to sustain interest. Lewis's level, with grotesque mugging aplenty and arrogant use of veteran support, is easily mitigating most to background prop statistics for Lewis's ego. Peter Lorre, John Carradine, Everett Sloane, Phil Harris, Keenan Wynn, Hans Conried, Color.

PEARL OF DEATH (85 min—U.S., 1964). "Casper" Ronald Hatton vs. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in another modern update of Doyle, directed with his usual stylistic precision by Roy William Neill. Punk script makes this a lesser series entry, but Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce still in the screen's Holmes and Watson per excellence, are terrific as ever, Evelyn Ankers, Dennis Hopper, Miles Mander, Holmes Herbert, Mary Gordon.

PEEPING TOM (66 min—Astor, 1960). Michael Powell's masterwork of sadness has Karl Swinn as mad filmmaker obsessed with killing women at the moment of death, an

event be blemishes along by way of insulating the movie with the phobic trappings of his camera, bizarre, truly Sodden stuff available to try only to those who have tilted FACE OF FEAR, minus nudity and subplot about Boehm's sidekick as audio photographer. Concourse, fascinating low-budgetaries is probably the erratic Powers' studious film, and the director plays the hero's collocated rather in chilling home movie segments. Variable performances from an oddly matched cast include James Mason, Nella Walker, John Goodman, Edmund Knight, Shirley Anne Field, Miles Malleson, Color.

PERFECT GYNT (95 min.—Branagh, 1981).

David Bowie's first film as director as his teenage Charles Nodier in lead and as such rates him, Criterion's 45% evocative and even a bit atmospheric considering its few concert scenes but unusually bouncy student filmmaking. Bradley Whitford's style and talent with a 1952 MGM "B" 1980 TALK ABOUT A STRANGER, but later efforts have been disastrous.

PERCY (193 min.—MGM, 1971).

Leaden British double-entendre comedy about the world's first penis transplant. How can they run this on tv, you ask? Because it, they'll find a way eventually. In the meantime, you're not resting much, apart from a real comic turn by Desi Arnaz as all the women's boy toy. (Sequel, believe it or not, is in the works starring Vincent Price.) Elke Sommer, Scott Eastwood, Hywel Bennett, Sue Lloyd, Color.

PEOPLE, THIS (73 min.—Metzger, 1973). TV film directed by John Metzger, sensitive and very personal filmmaker (THE CRAZY GUILT, HIV: LIVING) who brings a quiet, understated touch to this uncomfortably obvious story of a teacher's discovery of a group of all folk whose offspring have strange powers. Too gak and video-oriented to make much impact, but occasionally interesting. Kim Darby, William Shatner, Dan Chiarolli, Diane Venet, Color.

PERFECT WOMAN, THE (73 min.—Easle, 1949).

Mild satirical fantasy about an ideal woman whose "perfection" is designed to show up society snobs. High grade cult. Stabs under Bernard Klevberg's static direction, Nigel Patrick, Penelope Moss, Stanley Holloway, Irene Handl, Miles Mander.

PERFORMANCE (108 min.—WB, 1968). It's tempting to blame the failure of this 1968 British fantasy about quality and meaning on certain critics (including myself) and on editor John Steiner (THE OFFICE) and cost-cutter director-cinematographer Nicolas Roeg (DON'T LOOK NOW) with its successes, but the truth is probably more complex. Pic was shelved by 7-Arts, re-edited by Warner

Brothers several times over a two-year period, and emerged as perhaps the most explicit X pic ever. It's bound to be salvaged in a further cut and lazierized version that will make no sense to anybody, but try to catch it this holiday. James Fox, Miles Jagger, Anita Pallenberg, Color.

PERILS OF PAULINE, THE (95 min.—U.S., 1967).

Hopkins attempt to modernize and camp up the Paul White classic former quickly betrays its pilot origins. Lots of jumping up and down in fast motion, no subtlety. Inevitably adventurous (Pauline with Aspirin, jungle scenes, amorous gorillas, etc. Junk, Pat Boone, Terry Thomas, Edward Gennet Horton, Karl Koltzak, Dr. Herbert R. Laddard, 20th Century, Color.

PETER IBBETSON (184 min.—Par., 1935).

Seafarer seen family drama from George du Maurier's novel is one of Henry Hathaway's (KISS OF DEATH, THE BLACK ROSE, TRUE GRIT, AIRPORT, etc.) more interesting efforts, a heavily romantic film in which determined Gary Cooper lives his romance with crushed Anna Heldberg only in dreams. She and dramatically dated in spots but her respects. John Halloran, Douglas Dumbrille, Virginia Weidler.

PHANTOM CARAVAN (61 min.—France, 1954).

Prized eye Opal America by the Indian sect in Switzerland in one of a series of groundbreaking 1950s made-for-tv movies. Otherwise without merit, or interest. Cedric Hardwicke.

PHANTOM FISHING (62 min.—Olympus, 1932).

British remake of THE LOOPER, it carry the essential Hitchcock's alluring tones. Ivor Novello's title character is an unscrupulous fisherman who informs and suspends those dual feelings and an exasperatingly young Jack Hawkins is a noisy reporter. Sordid seven today and, unfortunately, boring as only an early British talkie can be. Screenplay by Miles Mander and Paul Ronin, no test, Elizabeth Allen, A. W. Bakewell, Barbara Everett, Dr. Maurice Clive, who made more than 200 British programmes in his time.

PHANTOM FROM SPACE (72 min.—U.S., 1953).

The ever-angry W. Lee O'Daniel (Italy's brother) brings an inimitable brand of rowdy unrestrained talent to the part of the most monomaniacal and viciously cruel an inviolable space invader who runs around some realistic locations doing nothing in particular for longer than one might wish. We recommend "Future Shock" or Joel Sjogren's "Lewiston," Ted Cooper, Nancie Nash, Rudolph Anders.

PHANTOM FROM 10,000 LEAGUES (99 min.—ARC, 1956).

Radioactive rubber-suited



PHANTOM FROM SPACE

PIETER PAN (77 min.—UKO—1953).

Most charmingly executed interpretation of James M. Barrie's children's classic. One of Disney's studio's best, though not without its tugh moments. Peter is a well-acted star—youth, talent, confidence, innocence, and a dash of satirizing art techniques begin to prevail in the Disney organization. Peter Pan, the guy who never grows up, "magically" turns kids from their maddening Edwardian environment and transports them magically to wondrous fantasy adventures. All very well-crafted done, backed by excellent score and songs. Color.



Tom Johnson in PLATE 3 FROM DIUTER-
S' ALDE.



as member drags fisherman and audience to
depths of their fears in amazingly vivid grade-C
suspense. The terrible trouble begins when val-
uable universe-wrecking deposits are discovered
and there's a prospector around, you see, and he's
guarding it. The deposit looks mighty like
human Taylor, though, as does the whole plot.
Kent Taylor, Cathy Downs, Haskie Starchuk,
Gin Miller, later to reach his peak with
FROM HELL IT CAME.

PHANTOM KILLER. The (88 min—Mats.) A William Bendix remake of a 1931 Rossen original! Such an undertaking has to be a specialized delight that only the most astute film buffs can appreciate. If Rossen's original version seems better, it's probably because 1933 movies tend to retain a bit more charm than 1942 movies, although this one does have the added distinction of Matsuski's excellent score. A MacMurray involving dead meat. The plot is reporter has slightly better plot than usual for a screwball, but, otherwise it's murky dialogue and drab sets all the way. John Woodbury, Dick Purcell, Joan Hamilton, Warren Hymer.

PHANTOM OF SOHO, THE (82 min.—PRG, 1937).—Realistic Edgar Wallace-style German thriller from Bryan Wallace story. Investigation of disappearances of prominent Londoners reveals, . . . nothing special. Has a certain solid atmosphere, however, and bad dubbing. Oberon Mesch, Barbara Rutting, Hans Schräder. Dir. W. J. Gotthipps.

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (58 min.—U.S., 1925). Time and two subsequent remakes have not tarnished the magnificent quality of this great classic. Lon Chaney is superb in his greatest role as the Phantom, a hideous mad genius who rules the colossal Paris Opéra House from

the complex underworld domain under a wasp nest. Homage to classical Greek legend of Odysseus and his crew's return (primarily "Odysseus Returns" in *Return of the King*) is readily evident. Despite overall stature and influence, it features several serious flaws stemming from studio-director conflicts. Most of *King's* best facets may be attributed to Disney's uncredited supervision and personal directions. Many (including Norman McLaren, John Miljan, Arthur E. Cane, Dr. Rupert Johnson, . . .



PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (54 min.-Unit, \$10.00) Not a very satisfactory Hammer release, but more than "13" version, but good production, and good acting performance by Herbert Lom as the Phantom, etc. It's whitewashed by Hammer's typical hideous treatment, complete with dwarf assistant and all-stopper screaming by Marlene's villain Michael Gough, Hallie's Tears and Edward de Souza's maddeningly pretentious casting. Marlene's meadow

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In this property, Matties are hardly helped by a little nitric editing (including an extraordinarily astute oversight about great buildup as the film's key villain, Gough completely drops out of sight without any explanation), nor by the addition of added tension shot for shot. Laura Elena Harring continually appears on screen, but she is not the economy chapter in serials used to end them. The cast, from Marianne McLean, Patricia Troughton (in a funny as a rat-catcher), Dr. Teresa Flyer, Esq.,

PHANTOM OF THE RUE MORGUE (84 min.—WB, 1954). Obviously can't compare with the excellent '33 Lugosi original **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**. For with 3-D this is merely an overproduced, mediocre mad doctor-clone *gentleman's* tale, directed without any style or grace by Roy Del Ruth. On **WB33**, normally based on Edgar Allan Poe's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," *King Kong*, *Madame X*, *Steve Forrest*, *Claude Dauphin*—and not in the *spine*, *Mary Gothic*, *Caron*.

PHANTOM PLANET (82 min.—6 Crown, 1961). Intrusion space opera chapter has Johnnem Deen Fredericks thrashing on strange planet and bantling horribly inander in world of little people. As daddy and older brother, plus ever seen, even has silent camp value. Fredericks is leader of the space folk and Delores Ratto does her specialty of the mumbi gal who inexplicably regards her voice in time to warn the hero of danger. Calmen Gray, Tony Becker, Richard Webster.

PHANTOM SPEAKS. THE *60s* ~~60s~~—*Boop, Boop*, 1969). Dead murderer's spirit returns in son-in-law's body. Familiar but rather neasty tone.

certainly one of Republic's more stylish B pictures, directed by the unpretentious John H. Strother, Richard Arlen, Lynn Roberts, Stanley Ridges, Tom Powers, Jonathan Hale.

PHANTOM STRIKES, THE (88 min--Mono, 1940). Sami Golzar [The Lady Verlaine, Night Train to Munich] and Michael Bacon [Dead of Night] produce this "old Britain import, shortened for U.S. distribution." No, it's not Invisible man, it's *Strikes* for night wages or anything like that. Anybody seen it? [?]. (Only available during or after Edgar Rice Burroughs' "The Rajah," 5: Wifred Lawson, Alice Brady, [ILLUSION] Kasab, Sami Hale, Dir. Walter Forde [THE GHOST TRAIN, TARE TALES, etc.].

PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH, THE (1968)
MCMLX, 1968. Released in '68 after initially being distributed. Chuck Jones, most likely due to the Bosley Bronks, is disappointed with this preachy allegory based on Norman Juster's 1961 fable about boy who rescues the Princess Rhyme and Reason. The Dolchuan sequences, though, nest along with several greatest eartheners: the shaggy Sam the Eagle, the grumpy Grandmother, Pepe Le Pew, the Party Poop, How Thick Can You Get, the Little Christ, M.A.S., and the first feature GARY, THE GINGER CAT. Action at beginning and end stars Butch Patrick. Jones can be seen briefly in Highbridge Station on the trailer. Voices: Mel Blanc, Henry Corden, Claus Nuyts, Cindy Cordon, etc.

PHRYNE, THE (1911-1912, 1989).
889—*“The year they'd make anything as long as it seemed ‘youth oriented.”* Uttermost because it turned out to be so awful, this cynical effort to resurrect the name of a silent film star, Phryne Fisher, thereby create a new Monkees-esque rock group that's destined to deserve as much bad press as the Monkees did. The cast includes such luminaries as Lee Corso, Horace Trahan, Jennifer Westfeldt, Jay Silverman, Andy Devine, Peter O'Brien, Shirley Berkley and Barbara McQuade (10 years only a year, none of whom ever made a movie as bad as this one) as they're kidnapped by criminal organizations and rescued by The Phryne, the aforementioned would-be singer. Truly embarrassing, maybe even worse than the original in this column, and that's saying a lot. *PG-13, 100 min.*

PHARAOH'S CURSE, THE (66 mm—USA, 1957) **REVIEW** *Tom Hulce* (Egyptian theater set in 1956 with cracklin' music, portentous narration, and a mummy's soul and a nookin' off member of The Expedition. Rehearsally directed by meddlesome specialist Lee Sholem, with sole interest coming from presence of lead Mark Dura, whom tenacious will recognize as the Mr. Clean of early 60s TV commercials. Diane Brewster, Dorothy McGuire, Thelma Ritter, Kurt Katchen.

PICTURE MUMMY DEAD (66 mm—Embassy, 1957) *Bert Gordon's maestically talented daughter Susan is a mummy who has been resurrected and uses upper floors of Zsa Zsa Gabor's penthouse as a hospital room, doesn't it? The total absence of insects crawling over photographs of buildings and of girls with blue marble lines around them makes this an anti-peculiar glorification, and we could have used them, too. Constance, and the tyke, Siggy Haast, were. **REVIEW** *Critics**

PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, THE (1911-1945). Robert Lewis's attempt to create a visual representation of Wilde's standby at the discussion of the play (particularly a self-biography of Wilde) whose description is embodied only in his portrait is weakened down to typical Farfisa fashion, but a perfectly cast Laird Cregar delivers the performance of his life (deserting midgets). His appearance on MIDNIGHT CAMEO, and Henry Stratling's Oscar Winstone cinematography uses MGM's good equipment. Certainly far superior to the second-rate *Picture of Dorian Gray* (1935, George Sanders) in one of his best roles, it is a classic. Excellent score by Robert Stolz.

RED PIPER, THE (50 min.—Crest-Media, 1963). TV musical which featured a lot of on-theatre screens doesn't look quite so bad back on tv, but it's still cheap and tacky enough to justify being picked up for distribution by K. Gordon.

Murray, whose taste in such matters is not exactly exemplary, shameless hammering by Van Johnson, Claude Raines, Kay Starr, Jim Backus, Color.

PILLOW OF DEATH (86 min—USA, 1945). Final entry in the *Inner Sanctum* series of physician experiments with human tissue, this pre-voiced film is at the better for it. Lawyer Lou Cherney murders his wife but is driven batr by her spirit and a wild psychic histero-*septate*. Typical Universal B-film if you're in the mood. Brenda Joyce, J. Edward Bromberg, Sosaland Ivan, Old Wallace Fife.

PINOCCHIO (74 min—RKO—1940).

The Disney company's second feature-length cartoon, following *Steamboat Willie* (1928) still remains the best of its greatest productions, and is best rated. Disney's best at their favorite Story tells of large wooden marionette, Pinocchio, granted life by the good fairy to keep lonely, childless old woodworker Geppetto company. Some steely and, perhaps, film's most memorable character, Jiminy Cricket, acts as "Pinocchio's conscience" story supervisor, and sings one of his best ballads ever.

"When You Wish Upon A Star." Classical fantasy panopria viriles out in numerous areas, on many levels, adventures galore, great touches of horror (i.e. Pinocchio and master kids are turned into donkeys in eat areas disguised as a magnificent amusement park). A filmic masterpiece! And great songs and music!

Color.

PINOCCHIO IN OUTER SPACE (71 min—USA, 1958). Belgian-US animated cartoon, intended as sequel to the original cartoon, *Pinocchio and the Moon* (1955), in which the Good Fairy turns him into a puppet again. He has to perform tasks like capturing Astro the Space-White. Mostly reminds you that **PINOCCHIO** is probably Disney's masterpiece. Color.

PIST AND THE PENDULUM, THE (80 min—AUS, 1961). One of Cormer's most uneven Positano uses completely new (well, different anyway) Richard Matheson script as spring-board for engagingly corrob. Insanity-in-the-castle holocaust, with Vincent Price in fine bell-ringing, scatology-chomping form. Problems include awful hammer-to-death, Nicholson-*horrorized* by the violence, and the scenes moved on to the way to the source, but Barbara Steele in her only US horror pic is still the voluptuous siren we all know and love. Pedded as version begins with added sequence of Luise Angerer in madhouse relating story in flashback (why, she wasn't present during most of it, credit her with a good imagination, Anthony Carbone, Patrick Westwood, Color.

PLAQUE OF THE ZOMBIES (90 min—Pax, 1955). Surprisingly effective entry in a gloriously moribund sub-genre of the 50s. From good John Carpenter's direction, mix of modest Hammer production and convincing performances. Plague in cornish village leads to discovery that local square has revived the dead to work in his tin mine. Attempts to head this as a labor-vs-management social statement are a bit faltered, but it does have a great up-from-the-grave cemetery sequence. Andre Morell, Diane Clare, Bruce Williams, Jacqueline Pearce, Color.

PLAN 3 FROM OUTER SPACE (76 min—USA, 1955). From the hammy intro by Orson Welles to the hammy afterward by Orson, this grade Z 1955 home movie masquerading as a theatrical film is an unashamed doozer, raising rare amounts of mirth and a few moments of Macabre art. Residents of San Fernando, California are terrified by UFO's in the shape of thermonuclear missiles which revive the dead, if not the audience, in one of the crumpled grave yards one sees areas. Among the disinterred is the actually dead Billie Lourd, via silent film

clips that look like test footage for a remake of *SCARED TO DEATH* and lead an appropriately morbid tone. Tor Johnson's gauze line readings make this greatest role (no small accomplishment, considering), and perfectly incompetent support is provided by Vampira, Major T. J. Eckelberry, Captain Blood, and others too numerous to mention. Screenplay, production and direction by Edward D. Wood Jr., a name to conjure with. Wow.

PLANET OF BLOOD (88 min—AIP, 1966).

Pist, cheapo space opera has green alien women from writhing space ship draining blood from writhing astronauts who rescued her. Director Curtis Harrington (*NIGHT TIDE*) is surprisingly disappointing, bringing no discernible style or talent whatever to this assembly-line effort. The only innovation is the use of live test subjects, separated (literally) from a *Space* movie, Besti Battaglia, John Saxon, Jodi Meredith, Dennis Hopper, Florence Marly, and Forrest J. "PMV" Jaeger. Released in *QUEEN OF BLOOD*, Color.

PLANET OF THE APES (112 min—Fox, 1968). Film of the Apes may be as hamfisted Charlton Heston standing on planet where he intelligent talking apes (and it even human slaves). He achieves a certain cult status despite being familiarity of idea and obviousness of social satire. Originally a project of Arthur P. Jacobs, Blake Edwards and Rod Serling for Warner Bros., Jevons persuaded Fox to go ahead with it in 1966, and it became an unexpected \$11 million budget. Edwards' whitewash and Michael Wilson rewrite Serling's script. Franklin Schaffner's direction, with its persistent for superstitious entry angles, is the weakest link, but thanks to John Chambers' cap-treating ape makeup and good-humored playtype by Roddy McDowall, Kim Hunter, Maurice Evans, James, Westmore and James Daly as apes, be a great fun. Film still, 1968.



process in Paravision, to see impact in flat version which broke it into two separate shots. Color. Paravision.

PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES (98 min.—AIP, 1965). Fabulous science comic sci-fi! Director Michael Carreras' most visually inventive film. In MacLeish plot about dismembered men inhabiting planet Zulus, the escape by inhabiting asthmatic "dead bodies" is simple but brilliant. But Powell's well yet high-pitched vocalists make it a fascinating trip. Several memorable sequences, notably the blowup scene that at excavated corpse popping off their plastic straws, and a scene with a gigantic alien skeleton. Dubbed dialogue runs the gamut from "Let's get out of here!" to "Let's get out of here quick!" Barry Sullivan, Norma Bengell, Angel Aranda, Eli Mirande, Orfeo as DEMON PLANET. Color.

PLANETS AGAINST US (99 min—Medallion, 1961). Franco-French-German sci-fi about alien visitors whose magnetic powers has some interesting moments, but cutting from original 195 minute length and constant dubbing make it a bit hard to sit through. Michel Lonsdale, Marie Pelletier, Jerry Chez, Dr. Romano Ferrare.

award into French thriller doesn't quite fulfill the promise of its masked action ("Gina Lollobrigida—Playboy"!) but qualifies as a gaudily curiously mixing murder, sci-fi, social comment, sex generation and sheer weirdness in distinctly European tradition. *Chicken* (Gérard Jean Louis Trintignant), whose psychological sediments aren't as completely dispensable from by showings, plots to push wife (Gina) into grain-crushing machine and many owl holes, who is plotting with her two lover



to kill Trintignant and take over the chicken business. Suspirat has radioactivity creating headless, wingless chicken mutants. Watch for this: *Dir. Giulio Questi, Cines.*

POINT OF TERROR (95 min.—Crown Int'l., 1973). Actor Alan Alda directed this grade-C Crown-int'l. special in which easy rock musician Peter Carpenter walks his way to a secret love affair. It has nudity and violence for TV, this will be even chancier. "Twist" ending worked better in **INVASERS FROM MARS**.
Dyan Thorne, Larry Hovis, Paula McCasland, Brian.

PORT SINISTER (65 min.—RKO, 1952). Submerged granite island emerges from the ocean twice in 200 years. We missed the first time, but this time treasure hunters encounter giant lobsters. Who can tell little distinction between then leading male's name—it's James Warren (of course, not the James Warren). Lewis Roberts, Paul Cavanagh, William Schallert, Sir Harold Gantlett. Re-issued at BEAST.

PORTRAIT IN TERROR (76 min.-RIP, 1966). This is communicated, to pay attention. When BLOOD BATH was released in 1966 it universally was bashing. Pets were quite striking, but most of it was terrible. Now, it can be told. Producer Roger Corman bought up an unclassified foreign film featuring Patricia Meeks and her dog. The right place that, combined with some footage from *Horror of H.I.M.* and *Reptile Man*, formed the core of **BLOOD BATH**. The leftovers, it seems, were stitched together into this incoherent exploitation pic, which seems to have no story whatsoever and appears to be composed almost exclusively of

waterjets and non-framed shots. At least one explains how Patricia Mager popped up as one of the neck-covered corpses in the climax of **BLOOD BATH**. William Campbell, *Ashe* *Blacks*.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (84 min—Stanley, 1945). Struggling young actress, Jeanette Cotten, suddenly finds herself cast as the lead in a picture, *A Shaggy, Invariably Childlike Governess*. She is 25, but the story's 20 years older than each time she meets...and she has many moments in genuinely eerie fantasy (through Robert Nathan, screenwriter), especially fantastically beautiful white scenes in NYC's Central Park; effect, though, is somewhat marred by giddy scenes written by producer David Selznick, Jennifer's hubby, who interfered throughout production, incessantly rewriting and re-shooting. At one point he scrapped and re-shot the entire picture, which cost him \$4 million (about \$31 million, if not more, in today's filmmaking market). After bad reviews received, he added a new ending, the spectre of a ghostly governess sequence, shot at an additional \$20,000. Beautiful Joe August Cinematography, lovely William Dieterle direction. Could have easily been one of the top all-time classics but for *Dark Victory*, *How Green Was My* ...

POWER, THE (1959) — MGM, 1959. A major disappointment from George Pasternak, based on Fannie M. Flagg's novel. Jarringly confusing, trembling, tastelessly silly screenplay is badly served by Byron Haskin's last-magnitude direction. All the potential is there for a good and meaningful SF film, but producer Pasternak seems to be stuck in the mid-50s, do-or-die far as audacious approach is concerned. One brief brilliant moment (Aldo Ray's first appearance).

out Vincent Price is uncharacteristically humorless study of 1950s catastrophe Ray Milland, whose death-like seizures leave him terrified and unable to move. Likeable enough but somewhat forgettable, it has a few nice moments with strip divas, but it's the running commentaries (without the return to the words). Roger points out hopefully, that as a whole, the film is cut off due to either Lubitsch's script crediting to Charles Beaumont and Ray Russell, Hazel Court, Richard Ney, Heather Angel, Alan Napier, John Clemens and Dick Miller comprise better cast than usual. *Critics*, *Paramount*, **PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE** (121 min.—Feb. 1953). William Wellman's fascinating historical mystery is a lesson shown today but is definitely worth viewing as one of the more bizarre political curiosities the movies have given us. With Korea at war, wealthy American owners seek revolutionaries to smear the US toward war for their own greedy purposes. Allied with these rebels are the nefarious Gray Shirts, a terrorist group shattered by a recall election when the leader mysteriously disappears on the day he's to deliver his bombastic speech to Congress. The country is plunged into gloom and hysteria. *Critics* is a gem of '50s philosophy. Arthur Byron, Rosemary Russell, Edward Arnold, Paul Kelly, Sidney Blackmer, Andy Devine.

PRESIDENT'S ANALYST, THE (1962, 100 min., Feb., 1987). This free-wheeling satire may not emerge as one of the key films of the 80s, but not in this entirely reworked, toned-down version. Parochial fantasies of Goliath prep-Historian James Coburn, whose ace patient is the President, lead him on an odyssey across

pearance), but otherwise a batch, except for photography and Miklos Raszai's score. George Hamilton, Selenne Pechalje, Richard Carlson, Michael Rennie, Arthur D'Connell, Goler, Palapovas.

PREHISTORIC WOMEN (24 min.—U.S., 1958). Mammans set in 20,000 B.C. with scantly-clad (for the times) cavewomen on the prowl for husbands and encountering dinosaurs and the inevitable just-created specimen on the way. Pretty bland in its day, now just monotonous. **Cast:** 10-belles. **Lions:** Linden shot this, which is technically about as accomplished as an episode of **THE FLINTSTONES**. **Grunts:** co-starring of Laurent Lutz, Allen Nitton, Mara Lynn. **Dir.:** Gregg Tallas. **Cater:**

PREHISTORIC WOMEN (95 min)—Fox, 1988. One of the most fascinating Hammer projects ever. [From its lead actress 7 Arts says] has the stupendous Martine Beswick as the leader of a bunch of buxom jungle girls who subjugate men in a hot African kingdom where time stops. Plenty of semi-nude British stars, and hairy-bottomed apes to boot! You can't keep from stealing when there is as much sex to be had, coming through as easy and arousing as ever. Watch for hilarious chit-chat symbolism when jungle baboons wear white hats (young African native wearing his long-tail took on mouse). It is so unbelievably bad it won't even be noticed in England until two years after completion. A 74-minute version called **SLAVE GIRL**—Genna, Sophie, Rosary, Michael Lonsdale, Darren, Michael Cerneras (1987), **7TH SENSE**, **Reptile**.

PREMATURE BURIAL, THE (82 min—AIP, 1992). Cormier's third feature pic and first with

merica that trenchantly captures the absurdity of life in that glorious decade. Political aspects assume almost documentary status in these days of federal incendiary and state tapes. All is more arresting because director-screenwriter Theodore T. Tugcu's *inexp* subsequent efforts have never fulfilled the promise shown here. *Requiem* is also a prolonged monologue which Corman's sex-crazed girlfriend Joie (Audrey Hepburn) gets mixed up with underground muckrakers—obnoxious and portentous. These types were safely left out of the historical version but have been rescued from the cutting room floor and installed into the *inexp* version, partly for the numerous excisions of violence, eloquent and active. Try to catch it at a revival house. Good-humored performances from Marvin Bernstein, Godfrey Cambridge, Edith Evans, Pat Herrington and Walter Burke in his role as Henry Lux, mugged dead in the F.B.I. whose agents are all even shorter than he is. *Cater, Parapente!*

PRESSURE POINT (91 mm-Hg, 1000)

Agent Conrad, one of the more offbeat directors, brings a nice visual sense to his very pat but well acted Stanley Kramer production about a young American Nazi and his black psychiatrist who tries to get inside his mind. Nice fantasy sequences. Sidney Pollack, Bobby Darin, Carl Bernstein, Red, Peter Falk, **REVIEW MURDER MYSTERY, THE** (1963-Per., 1988). Lovely grade-B gem with auto publicity director Reginald Denham as a killer in a movie studio, directed with great economy and macabre atmosphere by Robert Flory [MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE]. Includes great horror

film parody, Frances Drake, Gerd Petrikik, Rod LaFever, Conway Tearle.

PRIVATE EYES (64 min—AA, 1983).

Hantz has defected from his partners and is looking for a change in another grade-C agony directed with monumental distaste by Edward Bernds, who also co-scripted. Bernd's name on anything means go out for a walk. We hope Hantz doesn't need your mind while you're watching. Leo Gorcey, Joyce Holden, Robert Osterloh.

PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE (125 min—UA, 1979). Billy Wilder's tragicomedy presents a rather effete, capable-adult Holmes (Robert Stephens) and charming plot about a supposed Loch Ness Monster, but the peculiarity will seem familiar to *Rathbone* fans. Holmes, Dr. Watson (John Gielgud), witty script (Wilder and J.A.L. Diamond) and good supporting cast (including excellent performances by Chris Lee, seen hereafter, as spaniard's brother Mycroft) make it fun for those who can dig the approach. Colin Blakely, unfortunately, is all wrong as Watson. Thorley Walters should have played it. Score by Miklos Rozsa. Dennis Page, Irene Handl, Stanley Holloway, Clive Revill, Catherine Lacey, Colm, Pennefather.

PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE, THE (87 min—UFA, 1980). Not exactly a masterpiece (since few people in the civilized world have been able to make it to the end), but with some appeal to both Mickey Rooney and Albert Zugsmith (affectionately known as "Dad" to his legion of fans), it's worth a look if only for its status as a sort of day-in-for-Zap's masterpiece, the astounding *CONFESSIONS OF AN ORGASM SATYR*, in



which he used volubility and non-style minstrel in a one-sided lifetime examination to produce a true classic of pop poetry, a concession to address us to become its own definition of art. Honest. But we're supposed to be talking about *ADAM & EVE*, aren't we? Rooney cast dreams it's back in the Garden of Eden in a series of flat-footed color fantasies which make the two modern scenes seem awe-inspiringly in comparison. Mickey Rooney, Marie van Doren, Tuesday Weld, Martin Milner, Melvin Hayes, Fay Spain, Cecil Kellaway, Peter Arno.

PRIVILEGE (160 min—MGM, 1987).

After *THE WAR GAME*, Peter Watkins turned his apocalyptic vision to the box office with this unmitigated disaster. It features very recognizable faces of today's young and some number that effectively passed today's Alice Cooper movement, but fails totally in presentation of post-war manipulated into nettlesome puppet by conformist-minded political forces. Stateline "TV while" style drives vacuous performances from Paul Jones in the lead and instant narration and dialogue. If you own the head with message values, He may be a good investment. *LOONEY BOY, WILD IN THE STREETS*, however, is better, was more intelligent treatment of the subject. Beautiful photography by Peter Suschitzky, John Shrimpton, Mark Luton, Max Baker. Coler.

PROFESSOR BEWARE (93 min—Par., 1989).

Fine supporting cast and some interesting scenes are thrown away in one of Harold Lloyd's final films ever made. Lots of Rudy-Ruday routines involving him as eccentric archaeology prof

who's got to get to Egypt for a "special" finding, but never gets there because of numerous obstacles (many of which are supposed to be hilarious but simply aren't). Many of Lloyd's old gags are recycled, and the film's final gags adopted a so-called Egyptian acrobat that turns him from mild misgovernant into a cut-rate superman. Interesting time-warmer but certainly dated. Dir. Elliot Nagel, William Frawley, Lionel Stander, Phyllis Welch, Raymond Walburn.

PROJECT MOONBASE (93 min—Lippert, 1953). We can only assume that Robert P. Herren's co-directing credit is a case of "he knew only" so far as this incredibly static sci-fi programme about establishment of tv facilities on the moon is concerned. Richard Talmadge directs in a style best suited to early 50s tv. Monsters would have helped, but this, alas, is a "scientific" effort. Dennis Martell, Hayden Rorke, Ross Ford. Coler.

PROJECT X (97 min—Par., 1989).

Plot of this William Castle sci-fi fantasy is neat enough to make us wish his approach were a little less obvious. In fact this does too. It was made with the help of the late Christopher Lee, and since 2118, it is in the hands of a Star Trek short-weapon, who scatters outfit him with a new personality as a citizen of the 1960s. In a facade of 40s environment they make him think he's a roamer hiding out in a farmhouse with his gang (technically the self-esteem). Doesn't work, out, but offbeat enough to merit a look. "Psychic effects?" by Hanna-Barbera, Greta Baldwin, Henry Jones, Moeke Marquand, Harold Gould, Kyle Lasseter. Coler.

PROJECTED MAN, THE (177 min—U.S., 1967). Scientific thrillers are a dime-a-dozen, but himself around 1968 *THE FLY* has an evident, slightly offbeat monster. So what else is new? Gory makeup and abrupt climaxes add up to watchable but unexciting British programmer, Mary Peach, Bryant Haliday, Norman Wanstall, Robert Allen. Dir. Ian Currie. Coler.

PROBE (100 min—WB-TV, 1971).

Feature-length tv pilot for short-lived "Search" series had, well, if disparate, somewhat futuristic descriptive hero Hugo O'Brien has implants which enable him to move more to be monitored and sometimes controlled by his secret center. Formerly a star of *Space: 1999* in "The Tunnel" series, otherwise it's routine to stuff about gas rooms with nice Borsos Mendelsohn-like performances by Burgess Meredith, Edie Adams, John Gielgud, Alton Yorke, Dr. Russ Mayberry. Coler.

PROJECTIONIST, THE (96 min—MGM, 1978). Harry Hulme's comic look at 1910s burlesque of New York movie projectors. Chuck McCann is occasionally inspired in his juxtapositioning of old film clips, but the live-action staff is uninterestingly managed, and McCann's endless dreams of himself as a costumed superhero are repetitious to the point of tedium. When good, this is a hoot (check the commentary for the late Jean-Claude Godard). Guy Hill is good, but impeccably arid Robert Stack, for example, but when it's bad—which is about half the time—it's nearly unbearable. Some more reshooting, though, and refinishing could have yielded a buff classic. Hulme has talent, though, and his later work on *RICHARD* was much better. Ira Wolfson, Reedie Dangberg. Coler.

PSYCH-OUT (88 min—AIP, 1989).

One of the pics, along with *THE SAVAGE SEVEN*, that cause people to think director Richard Rush would emerge as a major director—a notion which *GETTING STRAIGHT* completely contradicts. Rush's simply cannot stage action convincingly, a weakness hidden fairly well by Larkie Kovack's dreamlike cinematography. All this one has to recommend it these days are nostalgic values and some very naturalistic and funny, if token, performances by Jack Nicholson, Adam Roaave, Max Julien and Dean Stockwell. Susan Stroman is dead-gai searching Height-Adwary for her crazy Harry (she's a bit of a hoot, though, dressing like a nun as Nester Monks). Drug-fantasy sequences are embarrassingly literal. Interesting sight is cast presence of later directors Robert Kallan (COUNT YORICK) and Henry Jaglom (A SAFE PLACE) as well as ardent



Opposite page, left to right: THE PHANTOM CREEPS—PLAQUE OF THE ZOMBIES—THE PHARAOHS CURSE—CARICOTHER BEAST in PROJECT X—ARMED THE PRESIDENT'S DAIRY YET—PREHISTORIC ROMAN (below)

Indications of Nicholson's *Alhambra* self-indoctrination. AIP cutting from 193 releases length punishes the plot and renders the climax uninteresting. Coler.

PSYCHO (196 min—Par., 1960).

A masterpiece, perhaps Alfred Hitchcock's truest "pure" horror film, adapted from Robert Bloch's novel (see Col. no. 18). Not only is it Hitch's most profitable production but,



beyond any doubt, has eclipsed anything he ever directed for sheer popularity and action. As with JAMAICA MAN and THE WICKED MAN, it's not "typically" Hitchcockian, yet bears his unmistakable, personal stamp of genius. Roddy McDowall (who's succeeded in carrying a large chunk of the Dwight Frye-Peter Lorre market in the 1960s—70s) might prove better in Tony's macabre switch role. So far, Peter Lorre is a most convincing as the callous, remorseless master criminal who wants to ruin the entire Oedipal complex. Shredded. Many have found (or imagined) many sex symbols in Janet Leigh's car tassel and shiny leather sequins personifying later versions of the matricide. Perkin's pathology/murder is often representing the wholesale castration of the American male from cradle to grave (in fact, the film's title is "Murder, as it hasn't been invented yet"), in the Spanish Civil War film match with PSYCHO's symbolic power (though many have tried) except for a small handful like BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN—many still consider Hitchcock's Christ-like matrinity/murderous heavy, even saintly, or Bergman's more brief, mind-bending maternalism, THE MAGICIAN. Many others have compared it to Psycho, but I'm partial to the comparison. Peter Lorre tried imitating PSYCHO, creating credulity, even awe, in material (e.g., Castle's HOMICIDIAL) apparently Hitch chose the original, one-and-only mould, Vera Miles, John Gavin, Martin Balsam, John McIntire, Patricia Hitchcock.



PSYCHOWANIA (92 min.—Victoria, 1963). Chained killer stalks a girls' school in generally b/w film. The film is a bit slow, but the chase horror sequences fairly unpredictable whizbang. Directed in Connecticut by Richard Hillard, who went on to do the also-well-remembered HORROR OF PARTY BEACH. Stephen Stradling, Lee Phillips, Jean Hale, James Farentino, Dick Van Patten, also filled VIOLENT MIDNIGHT.

PSYCHO CIRCUS (82 min.—AIP, 1962). This engaging German-style circus production made it to US in under original title CIRCUS OF FEAR before theatrical dates in a 65 minute b/w version. London Inspector Leo Genn tries to put an armed criminal robbery in wider context of circus life. The film is a mix of scenes from various international B-films. Corry, the director John Messy keeps it alive, and at its best it has the verve of the better Edgar Wallace pictures. Carl Lee, Margaret Lee, Klaus Kinski, Helmut Draxle, Suzy Kendall, Skip Martin, Victor Maddern, Edith Arenz, Anthony Newland, Cecile Parker, Celia.

PSYCHOPATH, THE (86 min.—Amicus, 1958), somewhat that but better than average shocker, made in England. Directed Robert Bloch script has Inspector Peter Wyman (Humphrey Bogart) as victim left to rot in basement of his home. Directed by Robert Aldrich, excellent direction by Robert Francis, nice photography. Judy Hartapple, Alexander Korda, Thurlow Willis, Margaret Johnston, Celia.

PUPINFEST (98 min.—U.S., 1970). Combining the action with puppets created by Ross Freedman, Bobo, and Troy Barrett, this economical film version of the Krofft Bros. kiddie show did surface aspects of a hallucinogenic drug allegory, probably set intentionally. Jack Wild is taken on "Hitch" to Living Island, populated by a grotesque army of live animatronic objects and puppets creatures so strange that only their gregarious snarling antics keep them from taking on a deadly rampage. Too much singing, but Marlo may exhaust expectation in piano solos with little effect. Special effects add to a surprising minimum. Billie Hayes, Angela Lansbury (remember?), Dr. Hollingsworth Morse, Celia.

PYRO: THE THING Without a Face (82 min.—AIP, 1962). Not badly produced but somewhat disappointing. Sensational suspense (closely similar to Hammer's PHANTOM OF THE OPERA) has Joyce-crucified Martha Hyatt learning down Barry Sullivan's torso. Trying to save his wife and child, Barry gives up for dead. Dossing excellent make-up to cover his disfigurement, the film (it even looks a lot like Barry), has returned to the formula of George Marshall's Martha. Similar idea, same story, better handled in PLAY MISTY FOR ME, Farsighted Hillbilly, Sherry Mansfield, Dr. Julie Celli, Celia.

ADDENDA

PANTHER GIRL OF THE KONGO (12 chapters—Rep., 1958). Released in 1966 feature film. The term is THE CLAW MONSTERS. Serials were going readily down the drain in the '60s, and this could be the best example. Bookers seemed to be trying to outdo each other in diamond mine and secret agent periodicals, overlaid with sex and 3rd rate direction. Franklin Adreon's ample stout female. Quite awful, Phyllis Coates, Myrna Hansen, Arthur Space.

PASSPORT TO PIMLICO (75 min.—England, 1949). London residents turn their backs against the Establishment and give the Stetson a hard time when they discover documentary basement runs that can easily turn their community into a Duchy of Burybridge, in the best tradition of British humor and, also, a style too long absent from the screen. Final score by Georges Arria, Stanley Holloway, Hermione Baddeley, Margaret Rutherford, Sidney Taffler, Batty Warren, Raymond Huntley, Dr. Harry Corneille (GENEVIEVE).

PERILS OF PAULINE, THE (95 min.—Rep., 1947). Not to be confused with the tabloid, plastic 1967 remake (and add-on from TV). This is a 1947 serial, it's been remade for TV, and it's still the best run of the standard "movie queen" serials. More than just another movie about "Perod," it's a charmingly produced semi-fictionalization of Pearl White's life as a star and George of the Serials. Corry dialogue and sequences are not obtrusive, if anything almost silent in re-capturing atmosphere and some of the lovely homely early filmmascope days. Betty Hutton is Pauli's ideal partner. Joan Land, Billie Dove, William Demarest, Dr. George Marshall, Celia.

PHANTOM, THE (16 chapters—Col., 1943). Guideline cast on "Phantasm" but rich and heavy on knockabout, fast-moving action, replete with top villains, visages, hemispheres (and many feminist B- and C-film stock players), and of course an abundance of nudes. In awe of Tom Tully as The Phantom, "The ghost who never dies." Also a real featherweight Lee Falk comic strip. Kenneth MacDougall, Fredric March, James Bates, Ace the Wonder Dog, Guy Kingford, Ernie Adams, John Bagby, Dr. B. Reeves Eason (mostly a B-filmster whose only great work seems to have been as the 2nd unit dir. who shot all the great scenes for the famous 1937 BEN-HUR chariot race sequence).

PHANTOM CREEPS, THE (12 chapters—U.S., 1958). Great cast manages to keep everything alive and interesting, even when chintzy sets and evile chintzy comicstrip plot would tend to turn anyone over 10 years old into a nervous-looking evil robot (people's taste even). The Tin Woodman seems menacingly manipulated by evil scientist Bera to tell govt. good news, along with other hooey sci-

ficaments. Victims in tale fall into suspended animation because of mystic life's secret chemical power, etc. etc. Bera (Lloyd Nolan) is Jerry Stiller, along with Edward Van Sloan as Doctor Martin, Robert Keith, Eddie Acuff, Regis Toomey, Orson Welles, William Fawcett, Guy Gosselot, Fred Webb (FLASH GORDON GOES TO MARS).

PHANTOM EMPIRE, THE (12 chapters—MGM, 1935). Overacted with, trying to cash in on the myth of the Aztec Empire. Idea of Gene Autry and western heroes vs. FLASH doesn't work well, especially since the whole script is poor, with wild supporting cast not helping much. Last civilization is found underneath huge, sprawling Texas ranch by hero Gene. Seen in one evening, it can be pretty dangerously mind-boggling; local city audiences, though, are often interested when not too boring. Franklin Farnsworth, Smiley Burnette, Dr. G. Reeves Eaton, Gene Bradford.

PHANTOM OF THE OPERAETTE, THE (79 min.—U.S., 1935). American-made spoof of horror operas. Theatrical conventions, including a Franchisee-like burlesque, vaudeville, and other little galettes. Annabel Varga, Alfred Barber, Dr. Enrique Cerezo.

PHANTOM RAIDERS (76 min.—MGM, 1946). Also released as HIGH DANGER in the PHANTOM Fiction, fan boy and cult stuff clever. If plot's not a bit clichéd even for that year, Old-school radio device caustics (remotely by remote control, seen this, sans sans). Merely interesting from standpoint of excellent cast and chance to do note development of style in one of the first serials directed by the great Jacques Tourneur (and produced by I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE, CLOUTIER, THE HOUSE ON HAILEY PINE, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, John Loder, Donald Meek, Nat Pendleton, Dwight Frye, Charles Kellaway, Staff, Celia, Florence Rice).

PLACE OF ONE'S OWN, A (75 min.—England, 1945). Originally a clandestine film for some far-right British firms (especially THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS), Bernard Klevberg provided an uneven but sometimes gifted director. Good atmospheric speaker, made at the height of 40s British filmmaking, about girl who becomes possessed by evil ghost. Great cast: James Mason, Edward Thorndike, Margaret Lockwood, Dulcie Gray, Dennis Price, Moira Marton, Hilda Hays.

PLANET ON THE FROHL, (191 min.—Mexico/Mex., 1955). Meaning time may vary greatly, but this is the end of the OPERACTION WANDERER/PLANET WAR (WITH THE PLANETS) series. Directed by a bit more Italian-flavored film director as Anthony Carelli, pseudonym of Arnaldo Margherini, former actor (P.D. does some noise), that and all. There is yet a real Anthony Carelli, a well-known British character actor (probably best known as the man next to Sir Orville Kelly in DIAL M FOR MURDER). The film is a real doozy, bordering planet way out in space (yes, I mean space, not the stars, that is to say, space is stressed, planets are way zero, etc. Should've been a Japanese sci-fantasy Godzilla, Gamera, Rossi Stuart, Peter Mennell, Archie Savage, Captain Corti).

PLAYBOYS AND THE VAMPIRE, THE (90 min.—Fantasy/England, 1946). British-made campy (look over 10 to 1000), starring Walter Brand as both brothers, one of them embarrassing (cause he's a vampire and chase who girls staying in his brother's castle. Many fun moments though. Worthy newcomer, Lydia Rose, Maria Giovannini, Alfredo Ricco (Tito Durante), Dr. Mario Regoli.

PLAYTIME (145 min.—Spectra-Presto, 1955). Very little is known about this highly interesting film, except it may have appeared three days in US. Story has something to do with a girl who becomes possessed by a spirit from the future. Obviously sci-fi, coming from around by French comedy genius, the astringent but brilliant Jacques Tati (MONSIEUR HU-LOT'S HOLIDAY), credits also name Art Buchwald responsible for English dialogue. Starring Jacques Tati, Barbara Denner, Yves Béharier, Celia.

PLEASE DON'T FIRE THE CANNON (106 min.—MGM (Tel-Sys.), 1958). Comedy overtones struggle successfully against dated,

whole sci-fiish undertones. Sonoboa's inserted an anti-miscegenation that throws them off course, hitting wrong targets. Pauls because none of them hit the studio. Pratek, Worm, Rosario, Compo, General Landry. Dkr, Mario, Comiso, Color.

POODOMANIA (65 min.—Lewiss, 1938). Early part-heero horror film, starring black actress Nellie Mae McKinney, one of many early black theatres and film production houses. Notorious for their exploitation of the public's practice to use to take over large Jamaican plantations. Interesting last dated, reminiscent of **WHITE ZOMBIE**. Dkr, Arthur Leonard, Jim Carter, Bill James.

Poison Apparition (110 min.—France, 1935). The late Henri Decoin, importantly involved with French film production since the 20s, created this bubbly plasticated melange of the dastardly and occult. Devil-worshippers, black mass, auto-mesmerism and something for parapsychology buff/hallucinogenics. Fantasy-horror. Danièle Dumaille, Anne Vernon, Viviane Romance, Albert Rémy, Paul Meurisse, Color.

POPODOWN (54 min.—New Zealand, 1969). More of that aliens-from-Aer-with-eyes, and their strange reasons for colonizing the Earth. This is a very good, perhaps, more realistic. Color's nemesis sound-wizard Zoot Money (we add you not), Richard LaCasse and to balance it out, Diane Keene, Jane Bates. Dkr, Fred Marshall, Color.

THE DOLL (La Poupee—108 min.—France, 1932). Very eerie French surreal comedy, starring Sophie Taeff who doubles as the scientist and her scientifically created doll-double. Responsible for all the fun and madness is a mad scientist who discovered means of duplicating anything. Poland's wonderful Brigitte Helm (see *THE THING*) and late Zbigniew Cybulski (ANTHES AND DIAMONDS, SATURN'S MANUFACTORY) star. Georges Méliès, Dr. Georges Baratier, Color, Scope.

POWER OF THE WHISTLER (66 min.—Col., 1945). Fortune teller's cards predict death for amorous homicide. Dkr, Spencer Tracy, Dina. One of the most oddly acclaimed, well-made B-movie whistler films. Based on the hit radio series, scripted by such talents as Cornell Woolrich, several directed by William Castle, Lew Landen (THE RAVEN, RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE) directs this one. John Abbott, Janis Carter, Tala Birek (remember her in THE MONSTER MAKER?), Jeff Donnell.

THE PRIEST AND THE BEAUTY (50 min.—Doku, 1962). Lightning hits priest, on requiring consecration, he witnesses startling phenomena as beautiful woman dives into water and is transfigured into a Hadesian snake. Fine as far unrepentant to general market. Dkr, Koji Shira, Rudo Ichikawa, Ayako Wakao, Yoko Ueda, Color.

PRINCE OF SPACE, THE (122 min.—U.S., 1963). Unrehearsed so far as general U.S. markets. Sort of *Space 1999* space opera. Space invasion occurs with Gordon, fighting against weird, scary aliens and combat threatening Japanese economy and the Earth's coal industry, or something like that. Dkr, Eijiro Watanabeyoshi, Tatsuya Uematsu, Ushio Sasaki and an all-star cast, Color.

PROFESSOR CREEPS (83 min.—Goku, 1942). Early Black exploitation comedy-horror, in an Arost N' Andy vein and understandably but understandably suspenseful. Stars the wonderful Mantan Moreland as a partner in down-and-out detective agency, while pretty secretary Margaret Whetton has trouble adjusting to night and creature. While partner is out to do his own day, Moreland has weird dream about hellish whores boyfriend disappears never seen, involved is her uncle, a weird Lupo, practising black arts; a gorilla and typical but fun-filled spooky house stuff. Dr. William Beaudine.

PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES, THE (15 min.—Rep., 1948). Gull-eyes and lots of delicious, but still ridiculous, feature version released as *DAY ON MARS*. Let all who dare laugh at the Purple Monster's ridiculous roar, and gape quizzically in their boots and be warned they may watch the whole damned serial in one sitting. It's that kind of stuff. Aliens threaten to in-



Opposite page: **PLANET OF BLOOD—PROJECT MOONBASE—THE PHANTOM EMPIRE**, (below)



vote earth, but are defeated by 2-budget sets, spell fix (D) and Spencer Bennett, Fred Mirella's direction. One of the worst serials made. Dennis Moore, Linda Stirling, Roy Barcroft, James Craven, Bud Garry, Mary Moore.

PURE IN BOOTS (90 min.—Rodriguez, 1941). Even if original Mexican version was crude and unprofessionally professional for several reasons, K. Gordon Murray's U.S.-subbed edition is building out off over tv and special little matinees that finally learned a lesson: rates adapt to a new height. Many of the traditional matinee oddities are still here, but the interesting ones and those enough ideas that sound almost we wish THE EXORCIST, and can scare the bastards out of watching all they say you are professional directors. Dkr, Roberto Rodriguez, Rafael Marot, Humberto Dupeyron, Color.

THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE has caused some sensation since it surfaced to the screen many months ago (and now planned for re-release). Deemed by CoF as one of the more important SF/fantasy/horror entries in the last few years, we now tackle it with not one or two, but with four (4) points-of-view of varying size and hues. . . .



The Legend of **HELL HOUSE**

Regardless of the quality and quantity of all American International films that were produced under James H. Nicholson's imaginative leadership for more than sixteen years, all his AIP features were but prologue to THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE. For, sadly, this is undoubtedly the best "ghost house" film yet made, rising superbly even above such heralded ghost-shriker classics as THE UNINVITED and THE HAUNTING. I say with, since this was the first and last production that would have been the first in a series of higher caliber SFantasy films produced by Nicholson for 20th Century-Fox.

A HISTORY OF HAUNTS

Few films dealing with the supernatural have been very successful in conveying a sincere and frightening quality. In the last sixteen odd years, probably **CURSE OF THE DEMON** and **BURN WITCH, BURN** are among the landmarks; indeed, both are, at the very least, minor classics. The essence and embodiment of true evil in **DEMON** and **BURN WITCH** are, however, personified by very tangible and identifiable characters.

THE UNINVITED and **THE HAUNTING** are different—their evil “personae” are represented invisibly by malignant forces that control traditional Gothic styled ghost houses.

In **UNINVITED**, two opposing spirits of the dead fight each other, one evil, the other good. The evil ghost tries to destroy an innocent young woman (Gail Russell) and all who stand in its way, but is finally exorcised by the girl's friends (Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey), with the invaluable aide of the good ghost. Filmed in 1944, the film was unusual for its time, containing some genuinely intriguing spook sequences.

In less than 20 years Robert Wise's **HAUNTING** went further, adding more freight appeal. Unlike most ghost films and **UNINVITED**, **HAUNTING**'s evil is the complete house itself—a giant, amorphous-like entity that has mysteriously claimed other lives, absorbing their spirits and integrating them forever as a part of its total, driving horror. But rather than innocent visitors as its ten-



Above: Mental medium Flora Rae Tanner (Pamela Franklin) encounters her five possessed forces while in a trance. Below: Bill Fisher (Roddy McDowall), Alan Barrett (Guy Madison) and Dr. Elliot Barrett (Clive Revill) are involved in a frightening moment of exorcism investigation.

ants, a group of “ghost hunters” arrive to crack the mystery. The evil house, though, is too formidable and seeks another soul for its terrible collection and, in the end, claims its victim, Julie Harris. The psychic investigators are defeated. One of them—Ray Tamblin, a former non-believer and a militant scofflaw, stands (at the finale) with his associates outside on the grounds surrounding the abominable place, and declares, “It should be burned down and salt spread all over the ground.”

HELL HOUSE

What author Matheson did was to integrate some of the best elements from the above into **HELL HOUSE**, with a slight, sick science fiction veneer. The adventure starts when whizzing and eccentric millionaire Roland Calver challenges a group of ghost hunters to investigate “the Mount Everest” of haunted houses. A worthy challenge, especially since one of them, Clive Revill, believes that his exotic, super-scientific equipment will root out and expose all the spookiness. His colleagues will use their own particular occult and pre-emptive talents.

But as their investigation progresses, the House's evil grows relentlessly. Its source is allegedly the spirit of a once very perverted person, a physical giant who in former life experimented deeply into dark and fearful practices. His spiritual power now appears harnessed to some mysterious and diabolical science of his own invention. As terror mounts, the evil spirit stands up, rather,





Physician Dr. Barrett (Dale Revill) records medium Flo's (Pamela Franklin) reactions while she is in a trance. **BOTTOM:** HELL HOUSE dictates warlers upon its unfeared visitors. **Opposite page:** Flo Tanter (Pamela Franklin) is viciously attacked by a strange black cat (the House's familiar).

spooks its way around, undaunted. All of Revill's sophisticated gadgetry is of no avail, and he dies horribly. When all of the surviving ghost hunters are in mortal danger, Roddy McDowall goes into one of the best screen terrors of his career, and by some incomprehensible reasoning he solves the mystery of the House's awesome ghost: it's revealed that the creature was never a six foot-six giant but a disgusting fraud. "Probably even shorter than five feet-two... maybe even shorter," raves McDowall at the air. And, of course (as screen tradition has it), nothing seems more repulsive than a very short pervers, scaring around, pulling off all his dirty tricks on everyone.

Proving his point, McDowall exposes a secret chamber where the fiend's body sits in a chair in a state of perfect preservation—and worse yet: in real life the fiend amputated his legs and replaced them with a set of remarkable artificial limbs to appear tall, stark and ghoulish. Even more frightening: he looks like Michael Gough. The more you think about it at the seconda pass, the more you know it is Michael Gough!

The film's final denouement is almost ambiguous enough to annoy—it concludes with an ominous close-up of the House's familiar, a cat, leaving one with the thought: maybe there'll be a *Son Of Hell House*. Incongruities and flaws aside, *HELL HOUSE* is one of the best scary films in a long time. —CTB.



HELL HOUSE 2

THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE was adapted by fantasy guru Richard Matheson from his superb novel, "Hell House." One would normally assume that the movie would be as great as the book, since a writer is expected to take special care with an adaptation of one of his own works. Unfortunately, this assumption is false in this instance.

Not that Matheson didn't spend time on his script. Like most of his work, his script for HELL HOUSE is both bizarre and entertaining. The film does suffer, however, when it is compared to the original novel. Matheson's book makes for extremely harrowing reading, piling shock upon shock, and leading to a suspenseful climax which is almost miraculous in its creation of tension in the reader. The film cuts down on much of the novel's gore and emerges as a rather pallid outline of Matheson's own initial dramatic concept.

It is hard to determine on whose shoulders the blame must fall for the rather bland effect of the film. I can say with some certainty that HELL HOUSE suffers from an overabundance of good taste. Granted, it's introducing us to one today's horror films which should be seen with some repulsive violence, to come upon a film which is mindful of its audience's sensibilities.

But HELL HOUSE evades the greatest approach and seems resistant to shock moviegoers in the slightest degree! That, although Matheson's novel had the potential of being the greatest shocker of the year, the film seems to be as dead as its ghosts due to a lack of intent (with one exception) which can really be termed "boring."

The film's blandness is doubly reinforced when one compares it to their equivalents in the novel. The novel plunges the reader into a universe of almost inconceivable evil as the author shouldfully describes the depraved lifestyle of Eric Belasco, whose bloodstained spirit roams Hell House seeking new victims. The film has Roddy McDowell tell of Belasco's perversions in about four or five sentences which apply more than they reveal.

The book has a shocking moment in which Florence Tanner offers her body to one of Hell House's ghosts and finds a leering, rotting corpse squatting on top of her. In the film, Pamela Franklin, after making love to the ghost, merely opens her eye, looks into the camera and screams. The audience is left to imagine for itself what has terrified her.

Even the climax of the film is adapted by the one in the book. Matheson's novel has Fischer bravely confronting the ghost of Belasco who appears in an awesome six-foot-six demon with fangs! The same scene in the film reduces this ghastly apparition to a mere "wind" which howls through the house and buffets Roddy McDowell around.

The sad thing about the film is that the principals' excellent acting, evocative sets, clever photography, and generally atmospheric direction by John Hough are constantly driving home to the viewer the knowledge of what this film could have been.

If you haven't yet read the novel, you may enjoy the film. Curiously, of his an interesting story, a surprise ending in the best Matheson tradition, one memorable sequence (Pamela Franklin's getting attacked by a murderous black cat), and, what's more, a classic (and completely uncredited) cameo appearance by a talented horror star.

— Carson McCollum —

HELL HOUSE 3

Of all horror film sub-genres, the *house* tale is the most refined. Its most elegant is the string quartet. Four individuals expose themselves to a civilization which is a mix of psychot and stasis; their per-



social conventions are strained, plucked, and Roddy impaled by the building's bad vibrations. The Roddy Matheson movie *HELL HOUSE* is dated as a cruddy camp-flick collection of brazen gags which are far from digested, but centrally banalistic. Indeed, the carefully muted chills of this house could melt the heart of a hardened viewer at the most ordinary summer evening. Although atmospheric it is skin-bored, though it will be shatened by shabby treatment that, and unfortunately, is precisely the handiwork which this tale is intended to us movie:

incarnations. The film offers a flat, clangy lifeless production design, uninspired direction, cheap, hideous color processing, and a musically noseless electronic score. Is this ill-advised for a PG rating. Matheson has supplied a screenplay which compromises his original story to the point of emasculation. For example, the devil possession of a poor seamstress (Patricia Franklin) is robbed of its considerable dramatic impact if the only final language she's permitted to utter are a couple exhortations of "Halt."

I respect the shorthand and condensation by which screenwriter Matheson adroitly holds the film to a manageable length, however. I am nevertheless dismayed to consider all the worthwhile material he was forced to leave out. How are the performances? Miss Franklin is a diamond in the rough. Co-star Roddy McDowell concedes. The film's sole surprise is a dry cameo by humor veteran Michael Gough as the corporeal hunk of the ghost who's the culprit in this haunting.

— Paul Koep —

HELL HOUSE 4

Jim Nohelton's final production effort fittingly recalls the better days of AIP, although this British-made spooker suffers from the same flaws that tended to keep most AIP product from attaining classical levels.

Occult expert Clive Revill and wife Gayle Henson join medium Pamela Franklin and Roddy McDowell in creepy mansion to investigate ghostly goings. They encounter poltergeists, hairy ghosts and a nice unblushing vamp by a former AIP horror veteran. Among staff benefits: nicely from a comic situation, atmospheric visuals and a few neat shock sequences, making it lots fun until the let-down by hideously ending which miffles and contradicts half the intriguing plot twists that came before—many of which seem sensible red herring in retrospect (scripter Richard Matheson again turns one of his better novels into comparatively mundane screen fare). The biggest suit comes from director John Hough who continues to exhibit stylish flair.

— Joe Deane, Jr. —



ABOVE: An inverted Anna Borch (Gayle Henson) is surrounded by a brand-ink-like stain by medium Betty Fisher (McDowell). Below: Roddy McDowell goes into a howl, besieged by evil forces from the netherworld the left, via ventriloquist, up the down.

Talking to MIKLOS ROZSA

The following interview with composer Miklos Rozsa took place shortly before the general release of *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, consequently the film is referred to under its originally scheduled title, Sinsbad's Golden Voyage.

'I am very proud of *Bon-Har*'

It is not Charlton Heston the star speaking; neither is it William Wyler the director.

It is MIKLOS ROZSA, who composed the music.

'It took me nine months,' he told me, 'I think it is the longest score ever composed for a film. Film scores are much shorter today, there is much less background music. Films of the thirties and forties tended to be overwhelmed by music.'

Dr Rozsa's music is so perfectly integrated that we cannot imagine *Bon-Har* without his Love Theme, his Procession To Calvary, his Parade of the Charioteers, his Christ Theme.

'Usually the composer is called in when the film is finished and being edited,' said Dr Rozsa, 'but I was fortunate to have been connected with *Bon-Har* from its conception. I wrote most of it in Rome, often seeking inspiration on long weeks in and around the Eternal City, imagining the multitudes of long ago in the Circus Maximus where I wrote the music for the Circus and Victory Parades.'

'I don't know what the children, who were playing football where once the great Circus stood, thought about the strange man striding up and down, beating time to his own humming and whistling and making notes in a little book.'

No doubt Miklos Rozsa was invited to compose *Bon-Har* because of his previous musical excursions into Roman history. He wrote *Quo Vadis* eight years earlier in 1951, and *Julius Caesar* in 1953. *Quo Vadis*, in fact, began what he calls his 'historical period', a ten year stretch which included *Isaiah*, *Plymouth Adventure*, *All The Brothers Were Valkyrie*, *Knights Of The Round Table*, *King Of Kings* and *El Cid*.

Highlights in the movie music life of MIKLOS ROZSA. Left: Receiving his Oscar for his *Spellbound* film score, 1945. Ginger Rogers made the presentation. Right: Composing the music for *Bon-Har*, 1959. Our heading picture shows him conducting his music for *The Private Life Of Sherlock Holmes*, 1968.

TOP SCORER



'My composing life seems to have run in circles,' he said. 'In my early days I wrote the music for *The Four Feathers*, a picture which was set in the Sudan. For a time I then wrote for other pictures with more or less oriental backgrounds: *The Thief Of Bagdad*, *Jungle Book* (not the Disney cartoon), *Five Graves To Cairo*, *Then I Went Spellbound*, which led me to *The Lost Weekend*. Then came *The Killers*, a gangster melodrama requiring a new kind of musical score, brutal, caustic, strident, and of course I became "type cast" for a time on such tough pictures as *Brute Force*, *Naked City*, and *The Asphalt Angel*. That was in the late forties, and the historical pictures followed in the fifties.'

'I got on very well with John Huston on *Spellbound*. He knew exactly the sort of music he wanted. Hitchcock, on the other hand, could not understand why I needed six weeks to write the music for *Spellbound*. "I shot the whole thing in six weeks," he said. To which I replied, "But it was written in six weeks?"'

His piano concerto score for *Spellbound* in 1945 won him his first Oscar. He won two more for *Double Indemnity* and *Bon-Har*.

Miklos Rozsa was born in Budapest, Hungary, in 1907. He began learning the violin at five and actually wrote a student march at seven. In his

twenties, when he'd had a few classical pieces performed, he was impressed by the music composed by Horstwieg for the film *Les Misérables* and felt that here was a fascinating new musical field into which he might venture. Settling in London in 1934 he composed a ballet, *Hausaria*, which was seen by the director of a film called *Anger Without Acses* starring Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich. Rozsa was asked to score the film and so began an old career with a stop watch in one hand and a stop watch in the other, fitting the music to less than 90 minutes.

We have heard nothing new from *The Private Life Of Sherlock Holmes*, but he used his violin concerto, performed years earlier. But now he is writing the score for *Sinbad's Golden Voyage*. This

is a few scores subject





which takes him back to his early film scoring days, to *The Thief Of Bagdad*, for example, which he composed in 1940. I, personally, am looking forward to *Sisihed*, for it has two top men in their respective fields working on it: Ray Harryhausen, supreme in special effects and monster making, and, of course, Miklos Ross, top scorer.

Norman Taylor

Young Abu, the light-fingered weebie — Thief of Bagdad, finds it no hardship to live by his wits in the great Arab city.

Nevertheless there comes the day when Abu, caught red-handed, has in just awaiting execution. But the light-fingered weebie steals the key from the jailer and also releases from the dungeon the treacherous Ahmad, likewise condemned to death, but as criminal Ahmad is rightfully king of Bagdad, betrayed by his wicked Grand-Vizier, Jaffar. They hasten to the riverfront, seizes a boat, and mad down the river to Bagdad. Bagdad is ruled by an aged Sultan, who has an only daughter, the ravishingly lovely Princess, to look upon whose face is punishable by death. Ahmad, in secret, in the death penalty, causes his eyes to the beautiful damsel and as compensation, Ahmad quickly visits the princess in her garden, vowed eternal love. She confesses love for him also.

This same day the aged Sultan has for his guard the Great Jaffar. In his dooryard, the Sultan collects mechanical toys. Jaffar brings a gift — a life-size horse which flies with a rider on its back. The Sultan may have the horse in exchange for the hand of his lovely daughter. The dismayed Princess, overwrought, prepares for immediate flight. Disguised as a boy, she gallops off in the quarry.

The servants, searching the grounds, discover Ahmad and Abu in the garden, releasing them before the Sultan and Jaffar. Ahmad challenges Jaffar to a fight. The outcome is Ahmad is a magic curse, rendering him blind and chasing Abu to a den. He finds that not until he, Jaffar, holds the Princess in his arms will the spell be broken.

Weeks pass — mortals. The fugitive princesses brought back capture to Bagdad and sold at last to Jaffar. But his strength is empty. The Princess, now has property, lies in a trance. Jaffar learns that only Ahmad, on whom she calls occasionally, has the power to awaken her.

THE CAST

Jeffar
Ahu
Princess
Ahmad
Djinni
Sultan
The Old King
Halima
The Merchant
Astrologer
Singer
Joller
The Story-Teller

Conrad Veidt
Sabu
June Duprez
John Justin
Rex Ingram
Miles Maller
Morton Selton
Mary Morris
Bruce Winston
Hay Petrie
Adelaide Hall
Roy Emerton
Allan Jeayes





*Because of the following extensive review and space taken by several of this issue's special features, FRANKENSTEIN AT LARGE is temporarily omitting several of its usual sections. Comments on books, concert, motionpicture and other subjects will be back in the next issue of *Coff*.*

THE SPECTRE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

Robert Walker Jr. (IE, 4, Po), Cesare Romano (IE, 4, Po), and Michael Dante (IE, 4, Po), Carol Ohmart (Lies), Mary Greer (Lenses), Mario Mendoza (Joseph), Frank Packard, Karen Hartford, and others
Cineplex Prod./First Lampara Corp., (1972). Directed-produced by Moby Guardsman; script by Moby Guardsman from story treatment by Kenneth Hartford; Demon Pulse; music/sound by Fred Holland; color.

Now it can be told. If you've ever wondered about the-dark-secrets of Poe's mind (not revealed even in *The Letters of Edgar Allan Poe*) or the source of his inspiration—particularly the identity of Lenore—then this new epic from a curiously pseudonymous crew of filmmakers is for you. Recounted with peripatetic allusion earnestness by Poe's pal (Tom Drake), it seems the events of a single night give the French their favorite American author, AIP's bottoffice godsend of the 60s and Vincent Price an assisted income. Yet anyone with the slightest concern for the quality of what-he-pays-to-see will feel less than satisfied with what amounts to the splicing together of two different scripts.

Leave *himself* in one mostly inappositely lyrical slow motion, a large mass of hair floating up and down against garden-greens. The effect, unfortunately, is that of an asphyxiated flower trying to rid herself of fear. After the lyrical bit, there's the teasing bit, the romping bit, the intense reflection bit. Brought by the way of a game song in contemporary mode, it's truly contemporary sentiment in contemporary sets—though, so far, it should be mentioned that this film has succeeded in finding a genuine gauze doorknob which dates at least to Calvin Coolidge.

Lyrical garboholing, however, proves too much for the ill-colored sweetheart who collapses, apparently dead, in the arms of Poe, to be convoged posthumously into a coffin, from which she is saved only with emed blower and hair whisk.

The monster then becomes very familiar indeed: the asylum by the centrally experimental doctor with the foreign name (Cesare Romano) and his agreeably efficient but unswervingly castrated assistant (Carol Ohmart), the deformed megalomaniac, the tortured chamber, the remarks like "What sick mind could have imagined this?", the nocturnal shufflings through conveniently lighted corridors, the crouching behind corners, the unconfined hand reaching from out of frame to

achieve the deadly weapon, the hawes getting them at the scene of ultimate horror, in this case a snake pit filled with water and the protagonists in jeopardy on a raft in the middle. At that point, and earlier, when Lenore says mysteriously in her arms, an embarrassed rather than terrified Poe mutters, "Help!" It's hard not to interpret this as a plea for some speakable dialogue, let alone direction.

One hero, we're told, was never the same again, but his experiences are unlikely to make an impact on anyone else. Poets will well object to the fact that no species ever appears, but with so much to object to, it seems charitable to do so.

—Graham Bory

DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN (El Desván Que Vio Del Universo)

Michael Barnes (Dr. Otto Warzof), Karen Dor (Maura), Craig Hill (Henry Kravas), with Patty Shepard, Paul Naschy, Peter Duran, Diana Sosed, and others, \$1,000.
Prada (Madrid/Engberg (Munich)/Mittel, Jaguar (Rome), (1971) Dr. Tito Dorsalistic prod. James Prada, English version dir. by Peter Rutherford, spcl Ed. Antonio Molina. Color.

This all-dubbed effort is hardly the first all-star monster rally, but let's hope it's the last, increasing the threatened horrors to infinity seems to mean a corresponding decline in new inspiration. Incidentally, this is not to be confused with the U.S.-made *Dracula vs. Frankenstein*, which underwent several years of title changes before bursting upon the scene like a delayed firework in 1972. This European film has yet to reach American screens, and more than likely will go directly to TV, doubtless under another title.

Intriguing creatures from planet Unnno plan a takeover of Earth by exploring all those traditional figures which bring fear to mere mortals and joyous expectancy to horror film exhibitors the world over. But there will be little welcome extended from any film-going earthenlings for this apparently irrelevant assembly of crowsized confrontations. Dracula, Frankenstein's monster, the Wolf Man, the Mummy, the Golem (or their Spanish equivalents) go through unscripted routines in laboratories or bedrooms. Come to think of it, the Golems never arrived—at least, not in the British version.

The monsters cannot one another out and in the end admit defeat. In taking over human (sort of) bodies, they've still left with a residue of human emotion, and what eventually proves their undoing is (could you have guessed?) Love. Michael Rennie, in what may sadly have been his last screen appearance, heads a talentless (or thoroughly uninterested)

cast. Here he is even re-voiced, probably posthumously, by another actor and thus deprived of one of his most effective merits—just as Nigel Green's dancing mad hypnotist role, in the otherwise lackluster *Raging Claws*, was marred by posthumous dubbing.

Not that there's any attempt, as in *Day The Earth Stood Still*, to make use of Rennie's unique physique. Come back, Gort, all is forgiven. Watch the skies, anyway—preferable to watching this. Even in a crowded field, it's a flat contender for worst film of the decade.

—Graham Bory

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN

Acco Embrey (Joseph E. Levine), 104 min., 1973. Dir. by Mike Nichols. Color

Were it not for the exceptionally high hopes one usually associates with a movie starring up-and-coming George C. Scott, director Mike Nichols and writer Buck Henry, *DOLPHIN* would be dismissed as a pretentious yet generally pleasant movie for unprestigious general audiences—and that's exactly what it is: a sort of pseudo-Disney film for matrons and-the-family. Yet the remarkable thing is that it's being touted as much, much more. While it's quite in keeping with the pretentious talents involved, it's misleading to assume that more sophisticated folks will be happy for the experience. The fanciful plot (from Robert Merle's novel) has Scott as a research scientist who teaches his lovable dolphin (Pip and Bo) to speak English, a circumstance which renders the creatures less endearing and more preocious than their more dim-witted predecessors, Flippers. The mystery and enchantment surrounding these demonstrate mammals disappears somewhat when their thoughts are made clear in voices that approximate Jean Hagen's movie star squeak in *James In The Rain*. When mysterious "Foreign" powers decide to use the dolphins to assassinate the President, the drama turns out on a golden opportunity for parody. But, unfortunately, the intent is for seriousness as the dolphins go back to nature, fully aware of what a rat is and is and unworthy of their godheads. Nichols and Henry seem to know that their dolphins were presented as Christ figures by a reverent Scott and a siren named Jennifer, and that by now the analogy should be stale even for the benevolent. Cinematography, visual and color (William Fraker) are indeed marvelous, though, as is George Delucia's music score. British Van Devere plays Scott's wife, and Britt Ekland is the villain.

—Jane Dean

THE LONG GOODBYE

United Artists—114 min.—1973. Ceter. Elliott Gould has developed greatly, surpassing anything previously done, and proves to be excellent as Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe (a role essayed in the past by Bogart, Dick Powell and others). Director Robert Alt-



man—Imager, Brewster McCloud, M.A., S.H., The Jersey Devil Stories—has placed Marlowe In the Seventies, given his Moors the Cat for a part, and confronts him with a Seventies-type psyche, a type not around, or in vogue, when Chandler wrote the original novel. It's a good idea. And it's a good film. But the initial audience reaction was negative, or so it seemed. And since UA is making all the money it'll ever need from the word movies anyway, it withdrew the film after a few short runs in some cities, and in customary UA wisdom, it was thrown away—only to play to packed houses in several cult house circuits recently. Here's hoping you get to see it on the way Abrams made it. Certainly the original ad was no ad— it shows Marlowe's cat as a vicious animal, exactly the opposite of the way it appears (and it's real) in the film. Former ball-player (now CBS-TV sportscaster), bony-looking, nimble Jim Bouton is surprisingly good in his important role. Screenplay by s-f author Leigh Brackett (Mrs. Edmund Hamilton) who worked on the screenplay of Chandler's *Big Sleep* in 1946. With, Barbara Niven, Paul Lynde, Sterling Hayden, Henry Gibson (as "Laughlin")—a stooge who comes off great in his first dramatic role.

—Marion Fox

CHILD'S PLAY

Paramount, 100 minutes, 1972, Color. This is the sort of horror film which seems impeccably reasonable as it unfolds, but dissolves into hopeless incomprehension when examined in retrospect. The plot, which should thoroughly illustrate any novice teacher, describes the insidious "accidents" which befall the student body of a Catholic boys' school when two rival instructors proposed sharply contrasting educational philosophies. Robert Preston is the faculty liberal, a half-bald, well-mean type beloved by his pupils. Janice Moore is an old-fashioned disciplinarian who provides over a huffy-duffy Latin course and assigns loads of homework. Which of them is secretly propelling the academy toward anarchy? Who will be the victor to control the minds of children? The answers are sufficiently difficult to baffle the youngest fans, who should know by now that the culprit is always the one made to look the least suspicious. Perhaps it would be more relevant to ask which is the better actor. The scary moments in this blood-and-thunder version of *Goodbye Mr. Chips* are monotonously handled with organ music and the boozing performances of a threatening bass choir. The script ingeniously implies that the repression and sexual unreliability of a parochial boarding school will transform normal adolescents into murderous robots wanting only an appropriate programmed. The rooms should be right have been leashed in black and white; the color processing is ghastly, particularly the flesh tones, which seem better suited to fish than to humans. In all fairness, however, it should be specified that the protagonists don't get as much sunlight as they should.

—Paul Rosen

CODE NAME TRIXXIE

Carroll, 103 minutes, 1973, Color. Director George Romero displays a knack for formulating passion by pathos. In his *Night of the Living Dead* a hoard of reanimated corpses stalk, murder, and devours all of as normal mortals. Now, in *CODE NAME TRIXXIE* (formerly known as *The Charlatan*), he has eschewed the supernatural in favor of the grisly-probable. A bacteriological weapon finds its way into the water supply of a small rural community, thereby infecting the townspeople with a virus that reduces them to a mob of raving maniacs. The Pentagon is somewhere at the root of this mess; the Army is called in to keep the lid on it. They take typically brutal action, but this film is not simply an anti-military document. A fair share of the soldiers are decent people, while many of the supposedly nice townsfolk are obdurate, incurring beatings. In any case, liberal and conservative audiences alike will concern that a crisis of such magnitude warrants extreme measures; the epidemic must above all be contained. Yet *TRIXIE* is too incoherent to function as a suspense shocker; in fact, it becomes difficult to determine who's supposed to be crazy and who isn't. Unlike the ghouls of *Living Dead*, not all of these maniacs are homicidal. Neither does the film carry significant political impact (despite undeniable relevance, such as the existence of abusers recently discovered in the drinking water of Duluth, Minnesota). The movie's only message is that weapons are bad, particularly the biochemical variety. In fact, the only real villains here are bureaucracy and human fallibility; these are exemplified in the disastrous fail of the sole physician to find an antidote to the plague. When told that he must take his discovery through channels, the doctor reluctantly flies off the handle, promptly mistakes for a lunatic, plucks among the quackiest, and killed during a riot of the afflicted. All hope for a cure dies with him.

TRIXIE isn't a total bummer, though; when a contingent of gas-masked guardsmen in protective uniforms begin rounding up the irrational, we are treated to the invariably edifying spectacle of a citizenry at war with its own Armed Services. One scene especially lingers in the memory: an elderly woman sits quietly swaying in a rocking chair. A soldier bursts into the room. The old lady rises calmly and strips him several times with her knitting needle. Then she sits back in her rocker while he sits there in a tangle of yarn.

—Paul Rosen



SCIENCE FICTION NEWS

Andy Warhol's remake of Frankenstein and Dracula opened in Paris with victims of the Warhol school, Paul Morrissey, writing and directing both. There's lots of sex, and satiric in the film, with Dracula getting violently ill and retching blood any time he bats a girl, who is not a virgin in *BLOOD FOR DRACULA*, and Dr. Frankenstein becoming amorous with the gall bladder of his creation's mate in *FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN*. The



(Cont. from page 25)

ANCE (one of the best quality shockers of all time), planned during *THE LORD OF THE RINGS*, but suffered financial setbacks. *ZARDOZ* shows Tolkein-like qualities, including a heavy slice of Frank L. Baum, naturally.

—Calvin T. Beck

The New York critical consensus on *ZARDOZ* was largely unfavorable. This is not surprising considering that 2001 was undermined when first released (many of the original opinions on 2001 were reversed). As with 2001, the main criticism is that *ZARDOZ*, while technically outstanding, has a very thin plot line. Actually this film is the most provocative, intelligent science fiction I've seen since Kubrick's project.

Unlike many films with futuristic settings, *ZARDOZ* does not necessarily concern itself with life after nuclear holocaust or an authoritarian, 1984-style society. Instead, we see a socially fragmented, highly advanced civilization split Veritas and a wiseless full of bizzare pronouncements. Director John Boorman never gives any detailed explanation of how man progresses (or regresses) from 1974 to 2293. Explorations are set as important as the stimulation of the viewer's intellect and imagination.

Whereas *DELIVERANCE* was a good but overrated adaptation which did not reach the novel's potential, *ZARDOZ*'s script is more thoughtful and well conceived. Aided by excellent special effects and the wedgescene cinematography of Geoffrey Unsworth (2001 and *CARAVAN*), the revelation of the god Zardoz's origins is especially fascinating. Sean "007" Connery as Zed once again proves he is capable of handling more challenging roles than "James Bond." And Charlton Heston (as *GENERAL GRIFFITH*) is good support to Zed's antics in Veritas.

Undoubtedly there are flaws in *ZARDOZ*, but I'm frankly too excited about the film to discuss them. Perhaps when I have seen it again—and it definitely deserves at least a second viewing—I can comment more intelligibly. My unassisted opinion is that *ZARDOZ*, in time, may attain the status of a classic in the science fiction genre. In any event, Boorman has joined the ranks of potentially great directors.

—Steve Myers

letter is being released in 3-D and stars Udo Kier as Dr. Frankenstein and Margot Van Voorst as his sister and mother of his children. Kier also plays the title role in *BLOOD FOR DRACULA* and can walk around in broad daylight because the title had an extremely limited budget. Dracula's demise is the most violent ever seen in a vampire film. Another Frankenstein is being re-rolled, called *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN* (produced and directed by Neil Simon), starring Peter Boyle, Gene Wilder and Olsen Landström, to be released by 20th Century-Fox.

Warren Beatty says *THE EXORCIST* will stay intact, contrary to reports that the ending will be re-shot to clarify the triumph of good over evil. Incidentally, Linda Blair is being considered for the film version of *ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST*.

Carrying on the success of *EXORCIST* is *HELP ME I'M POSSESSED*, from Peerless Films, and *MARY OF THE DEVIL*, PART TWO.

Along psychic phenomenon lines is *THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD*, based on the Max Ehrlich novel, to be released by Big Crooky Productions who gave us *WILLARD* several seasons ago. Incidentally, Elsa Lanchester (who starred in *WILLARD* and the immortal *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*) is receiving the Ann Radcliffe Award from the Coast Drama Society this year for her performance in *ARNOLD*.

Actress put begin filming E.R. Burroughs' *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*, with Doug McClure. And former Tarzan star Ron Ely appears as Doc Savage in the George Pal production, *DOC SAVAGE: MAN OF IRON*. Speaking of TARZAN, Jack MacIntyre, who portrayed the ape man in *TARZAN GOES TO INDIA* and *TARZAN'S THREE CHALLENGES*, and starred in the *SiFi: THE LAND UNKNOWN*, will be one of the guests of honor at Blaustonecon '74, this June 20-23 in Houston, Texas. Also appearing at the con will be science-fictioner Dave Sharpe, Kirk (Superman) Alan and Lynn Fontanne, Alan "Science Facts" Barbara. For more info, write HOUSTONCON '74, 2511 Preston St., Houston, Tex. 77016.

Charlton Heston will star in *EARTHQUAKE*, the Mark Robson feature with George Kennedy, Genevieve Bujold, Lorne Greene, Richard Roundtree and former evangelist Marjorie.

The inimitable Vincent Price recently paid a visit to Baltimore where he made the rounds of the local talk shows endearing Scarf's Department Store's home decorating course.

Eager to meet this fine actor, whom I have always held in the highest regard, young truly, George Sleven, along with *CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN* costar Steve Verheb and Bruce Gauthier, drove to WJZ-TV's studios where Mr. Price was appearing on "The Larry Argot Show," along with actress Gina Lollobrigida and author Leonard Maltin. We chatted with Mr. Price for several minutes and found him to be extremely friendly and cooperative when we asked him to pose for a special CoF photo and to sign autographs. Vincent Price's sense of humor was also evident, as usual, when I showed him *CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, explaining that it was a movie devoted mainly to monster and horror films, and he quipped, "Oh, I never make any of those kind." Meeting this Master of the Macabre was an extremely rewarding experience which we'll treasure forever.

Speaking of Vincent Price, horror fans will enjoy the various reissues as well as film clips of Kier and Lorne in Price's latest AIP flick, *MADHOUSE*. Though both Price and Cushing received billing in *Screams* and *Scream Again* and Dr. Phibes *Rises Again*, *MADHOUSE* is the first time these two great

horror stars appear on screen in the same scenes together.

Also set for release by AIP is the Hallmark production of *HORROR HOSPITAL*, an R-rated sordid in-check B-movie flick starring Michael (Crychle of Horror, *Trip*, *Horror on the Black Museum*, etc.) Cough.

Another hoarse spoof is *Castaway's DIGGY, THE BIGGEST DOG IN THE WORLD*, about an abominable sheepdog named Digby who drinks a chemical potion and grows 30 feet tall. Predictably, he is treated by the military establishment as just another large monster on the loose. Digby should be a natural for kids, but director Joe McGrath will undoubtedly include subtle humor slanted for the grownup trade as well.

THE PROMETHEUS CRISIS, an action adventure saga taking place several years in the future, will be produced for Paramount by Peter Bava and Max Polowky, based on a novel by Thomas N. Scortia and Frank M. "The Power" Robinson.

Bob Keljan, responsible for AIP's *Scream*, *Stressos* (soon to write the screenplay for *THE DAY THE DOGS RAN*, a terror film about wild packs of dogs rebelling against mankind).

Jack H. Harris (of *The Blob*, *The 4-D Man*, *Discussions* fame) has another sci-fi film in the works called *DARK STAR*.

As 8 million dollar production of

DANTE'S INFERNO has started in Rome by Franco Zeffirelli, Tonino Belotti, who worked on the special effects in *2001*, has been called in for his talents, as well as Raisa, ballerina choreographer Mozzani to direct the movement of the damned souls in Hell. Zeffirelli hopes to enlist Dennis Shostok with as composer of the film score.

Fans of the *HELLSTROM CHRONICLE* won't want to miss *PHASE IV*, an 800-page sci-fi'er in which mankind battles for survival against a race of super intelligent ants. The film will use excellent insect photography by Ken (Hellstrom) Chace and the human star of the Paramount release include Ned Beatty, Michael Murphy and Lynne Frederick. Also to be released by Paramount is *Frank Perry's THE GIFT OF FRANKLIN WELLES* in which Joel Gay plays a clairvoyant who helps the police to solve a puzzling murder case. And also being released by Paramount is Peter Cushing returning as Dr. Frankenstein in *FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL*, based upon *POSEIDON ADVENTURE'S* financial success, from Alan Ladd's *REVENGE: THE TOWERING INFERNO* for *Xanadu '74* release. From a screenplay by Sterling Stangham, the film is unique in that it is the first time two major film companies, Warner and 20th Century-Fox, have combined forces to produce a major motion picture.

Surprise international audience acquisition of *TERIOR: ON HALLOWEEN STREET*, a shocker to appear on a double bill with *THE TERROR OF BLACKWOOD CASTLE*.

There's a CHINESE HERCULES, "the super-human beast of the East—he's got a crush on you"—starring Yang Sze, now being released through Bryanton Pictures. Some super-human epics are being filmed in the Philippines and have come about through the success of the wonder-club character named Darna of the box office money-maker, *FLY DARNA FLY*, starring Vilma Santos. Near on the agenda of the bikini clad, winged helmsress Darna is *DARNA AND THE GIANTS*. Other *ZHOMP* flicks to follow this formula are *ZHOMP, ZOOM SUPERMAN*, a parody of the comic strip creation, and *SUPER GET*, starring Nona Asante.

THE MANSION OF MADNESS is a Mexican film based on E. A. Poe's tale, "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," and is a mixture of gathee horror and political



Hollywood's great impressionist, George Stone, meets one of Castle of Frankenstein's unstable, accident-prone residents, George Stone.

news.

August Film's first production was started in February — a psychological thriller filming in Toronto and titled *STOP ME*. And Chocolate Chip Productions is filming *HOUSE ON SKULL MOUNTAIN* in Georgia.

In 1968 a grade Z'er, *IT'S ALIVE* (starring Tommy Kirk) played a few spots before ending up on TV. Daddy, the same title was re-purposed early this year by AIP and Warner's, now, though, AIP is releasing it under a new title, *IT LIVES BY NIGHT*. So far, Warner's has done nothing about theirs which concerns a baby who can people.

Paul Naschy, who played the lead in *The Werewolf Vs. The Vampire Woman*, was in a number of new films picked up by Proline's S.A. Distribution: *HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB*, with Emma Cobain, *VENGEANCE OF THE ZOMBIES*, with Vic Warner and Ronny, *THE BLUE EYES OF THE BROKEN DOLL*, with Diana Loren, and *A DRAGONEY FOR EACH CORPSE*, with Enka Meiss. Others from Proline are *DRACULA'S SAGA*, *THE LORELEI'S GRASP*, *REFUGE OF FEAR*, and *THE NIGHT OF THE SORCERERS*.

NEWS SPECIAL: The Star Trek crew were apparently a "good investment" — Gene Roddenberry has just started production on a new feature-length theatrical version of *STAR TREK*. In fact, this will not be a "pilot" for a new ST series on TV. More info as it comes in will be in the next and all following issues.

Also up-and-coming shortly:

MR. SUPER INVISIBLE (K-Tel Int'l), *VAMPIRE'S NIGHT ORGY* and *DRACULA'S GREAT LOVE* (Int'l), *APPARITION*, *LEGEND OF HORROR* (Int'l Prints), *HORROR HIGH* (Crown Int'l), and Hammer's new vampire opus (filmed in Hong Kong and now ready), *LEGEND OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN VAMPIRES*, starring Peter Cushing.

Several new TV series are scheduled for next fall. Paul Bont, Polly Bergen, Haylie Mills, Barbara Foster are a few of the many stars appearing in the 23 tales of the supernatural and the macabre on ABC's *MENACE-TERRIBLE*. And in the tradition of the "Topper" and "The Invisible Man" comes in the syndicated *MY PARTNER THE GHOST*.

For sci-fi fare, Martin Landau and Barbara Bain will star in *SPACE 1999*, to be TV's most expensive and spectacular sci-fi series ever.

AIP is releasing to TV 16 horror features under the title *GHOUΛ-A-RAMA*, which will include many of the Price/Forrester films.

And while on the subject of TV, both *THE NIGHT STALKER* and *NIGHT STRANGER* are now in paperback form, written by Jeff Rue from Richard Matheson's scripts.

— George Stone and John E. Pernam

in order to run for office. Then if they continue to want more of the same thing, then they deserve what they get. In the case of bringing exorcism and the fact that it is widely practiced in this country today, to shun a apostle on it I think is good. I think that when the dust settles, that people will see other virtues in the film.

VON SYDOW AS THE EXORCIST

Von Sydow has a kind of spiritual quality on screen that I immediately thought of. I have a photograph of the actual exorcist plus the man the character is based on. His prayers great spiritual quality on film. I didn't realize when I met him how much work it was going to take to make him look like that. It was four hours every morning to get that makeup on. Von Sydow is 44 years old and he doesn't have a line on his face, and he's playing a dying man in his late thirties.

LINDA BLAIR (REGAN)

She did everything in the picture. She had no doubts and no stand-in. It's all her. She is the most totally pulled together, stable, mature young person I've ever met. The whole thing was a game to her. She didn't take any of it seriously. It was very difficult, challenging work, but she was totally unaffected by it. I auditioned over five hundred girls and the studio had auditioned maybe thousands before I saw five hundred. Out of the five hundred I saw, there wasn't one other I would even have considered, because I thought that it might do most of them psychic damage. This girl was a rarity.

TIMING THE HORROR SCENES

The scene, for example, where the girl assaults herself with a crucifix is on the screen less than fifty seconds, and it seems like forever because it's an indelible scene that's impressed on the consciousness of anyone who ever saw it. The only criticism I had was how much of it I could take. I never previewed the picture, never got an audience reaction first. I just cut it and put it out there. A lot of it is even now too much for people, obviously. When you're dealing in an art of horror and that, more than anything, borders on bad taste, admittedly—yes we are constantly concerned about the factor of excess. Take a thousand filmations or any one of you approached with the same scene, any one of you would have made different choices.

Some of you might have chosen to keep it all off screen. Some of you might have had the scene go on for three or four minutes. I think probably Rosemary's Baby would have made a whole movie about that [laughter]. To me, it was worth fifty seconds in this movie. And the criticism is how much of it do I think that you can take before I don't want to see any more of it.

THE CRUCIFIX SCENE

This particular scene is the most thought about and talked about scene for the obvious reason that it programs two things that are generally not up-front programmed in the human mind—the two things in the human computer that are so widely separate, kept separate by educational standards, religious standards, the general standards of morality. Sex and religion—they are at wide variance in the human computer. And THE EXORCIST brings them right together. That may be the single most important factor in the effect that the movie has had. It's like when you excavate a mosquito and all these animals that have been living there for ten thousand or more years start crawling out. I know that's one of the reasons for THE EXORCIST's, shall we say, "notoriety."

Incidentally, a good part of her [Linda Blair's] voice is used in the film. Some of the demonic voice is my voice, and the rest of it is Mercedes McCambridge. But all of it is either

varied pitch or slowed down in tempo, slowed down in speed, or electronically distorted, or has animal sounds added to it.

POSSIBLE INTERPRETATIONS

There's a scene where the mother [Ellen Burstyn] is swearing on the telephone, trying to reach the overseas operator to reach her husband, from whom she is separated, to get him to speak to the daughter [Linda] because of the girl's birthday. And the scene involves the mother swearing on the phone to the overseas operator on the phone because she can't get through. The scene is used for a couple of reasons. One, it clearly establishes that the little girl is troubled by the separation. Two, it establishes that the profanity that she later uses stems from having overheard her mother who has a salty vocabulary. In other words, it sets a psychological foundation for the girl's being upset. It's one more block in a possible psychological underpinning for the girl's breakdown.

The loss of the father, the separation, the mother's hysteria under what is internally not a hysterical situation, I, by the way, do not see the film as a story of demonic possession at all.

I never made the film with that in mind.

Like any good film, it is purposely made so make you think about it, but not to provide answers. There are none. There are many possibilities. One way that I look at the film is as a case of man by strife. And if you examine the film from that standpoint, you will see a solid underpinning for that argument. If you look at the power for the second layer, you'll find it much more hidden in THE EXORCIST. There is more hidden in it than is on the screen up front.

DECK SMITH, MAKEUP MAN

Deck just happens to be the best in the world. Dick Smith did the makeup for Hal Holbrook's Mark Twain. He did Brando in THE GODFATHER. He did Dustin Hoffman in LITTLE BIG MAN. He's done countless monster makeup jobs that have thrilled and scared the pants off most of us from the time we grew up. He's a great man and a great artist. His contribution to the film is without parallel. His contribution to the film is without parallel. There is no Academy Award for makeup. It's only a special award given by the members of the Academy when they see fit to give it. If the picture deserves anything, it's that award for Deck and for Marcel Vassentier, the special effects man.

THE MUSIC

There are seventeen minutes of music in EXORCIST, and all of the musical selection, I am sure, that I knew. I originally commissioned a composer to do a score. He did a score all right, and I thought it was terrible, just overblown and dreadful. All of the songs that I had given this composer from which to draw were sources that after I had heard his interpretation of them I threw out his score and decided to go to the existing—the original music. In other words, rather than get bad imitation Stravinsky, I thought as well have the real thing. In the case, I knew of a recording by Michael Oldfield, "Tubular Bells," and I thought that it would perfectly set off a couple of moods I wanted in the picture without being sentimental or syrupy. "Tubular Bells" has a haunting, somatic, almost childlike quality. I listen to a lot of music. I'm much more influenced by music today than by any other filmmakers. The deepest influence on me in THE FRENCH CONNECTION was the music of Santana. I cut the entire title sequence to a soundtrack of Santana's recording of "Black Magic Woman." The rest of EXORCIST's music is all from sources of very good, very important composition, composers that you may not be familiar with. Krzysztof Penderecki, who's Polish, and Hans Werner Henze, who's German, a fellow called David Borden who writes music for computers; and

there's a little bit of George Crumb, a little bit of Anton Webern. Webern is really the father of all that kind of music. Small, surreal, very understated.

What I wanted—what I think we have in the film—is an understated music. The music is just a presence like a cold hand on the back of your neck, rather than assertive.

A NEW ENDING FOR THE EXORCIST

The other night I was lying around in a half-dozed state of mind, fighting sleep, and what happened was that I had this vision of a new ending for the film. So, I'm going to shoot it.

What we're going to do is add a new ending to all previously released theatrical prints and to all those released later on. This has never been done before, especially to a successful film. A lot of times they'll take and re-cut a film that didn't make it, but our film is well on its way to being the most financially successful film of all time. It's running about 40% ahead of THE GODFATHER now [Jan. 23, 1974] in only 24 theaters.]

But this ending, had I thought of it at the time, I would have shot it and put it in. It just came to me as a vision the other night, so I'm going back to Georgetown to do it. And the point is that nothing that is in the film will be taken out; it will not be cut. This will be an addition to the present ending that will blow your minds. Those of you who have seen the film, when you see what we add to the ending, are going to be blown—friended! It's really strong. We're only playing in 24 cities now and it's adding constantly. By the time I get it shot, it'll be in about sixty or seventy theaters. These prints will be called in and replaced—just the last reel, though. THE EXORCIST has thirteen small reels and six big reels and one little one hanging over, and it's only that last one, that little reel [13] that I'll be calling in in visiting showings, but we're going to get word out to those people who have seen EXORCIST that there is an added ending.

As to how long the addition will be, I'm adding just a fifteen seconds, as a matter of fact, but that fifteen seconds, again I freely admit, will have the impact of the whole picture.

THE EXORCIST'S SPECIAL EFFECTS REVEALED

Now, those of you—and there are, of course, many—interested in EXORCIST's special effects will be cast in on how they were done.

The shaking of the room was accomplished by balancing the set of the room on a bawling ball which was rocked by stagehands off-camera.

The movement of the beds were four different beds which specialized in certain effects, such as levitating and shaking. These were operated from behind the headboard will.

The vomit effect was accomplished by passing tubes under the makeup on the actress's neck and into her mouth. The "vomit" was then pumped through the tubes.

The amputation effect was achieved by a remote control device with tubes running under the actress's right arm.

The branding effect was achieved by burning this, almost invariable warts under latex makeup on to the actress's arm. The exposed end of the warts was palmed off-camera, exposing another layer of makeup. In the film, this was accompanied by a "whipping" sound effect.

The throat barge was done by the use of inflatable makeup on the actress's neck. The inflation was controlled by stagehands inhaling and exhaling into a tube which was hidden in the actress's clothing.

The writing on the skin was accomplished with a fine latex stomach. The latex was



first scratched onto the tape. The latter was then heated with a blower, causing the letters to disappear into the tape again. This process was filmed forward, but printed in reverse in the lab, thus giving the effect of letters appearing on the skin.

The tongue flicking was done with the use of a false tongue made to fit over the actress's own tongue.

The rolling of the eyes was created by fitting the actress with all-white contact lenses. As she opened her eyes, the camera was shooting slow motion.

Candle flame flaring was done by blowing butane gas through a tube hidden under the actress's clothing.

Convolusions were annotated by putting the actress in a contraption which was operated off-camera.

The breathing effect, which was one of the most demanding effects, was achieved by the use of powerful air conditioners which cooled to 10 degrees below zero, but soon became ineffective under the heat of movie lights. For this reason, these scenes (showing the breath vapor) took a long time to shoot.

Interviewer's Note: Friedkin wouldn't say anything about how he created *Linda Blair's* startling head sawing effect, except to state:



"All I can tell you is any way you think I did it is not the way we did it!"

Finally, when Friedkin and something about the jaws' function effect he stated:

"It was achieved by the use of magnetic fields."

However, he would not elaborate on this matter, and since the interviewer definitely saw what appeared to be used in the scene of *Four is the Shoe from the Bedside*, Friedkin's position seems to be self-contradictory, at least on this matter. —SM

ON FUTURE WORK

I'll probably stay with the suspense film for a while. I don't think I'll do a comedy, because I believe in visual comedy. I don't want to do a film where guys are doing jokes, one-liners. That's not a movie, that's Rob Hope program stuff, better done on TV today. And yet there is really one guy doing visual comedy today and that's Woody Allen, and he's his own director. I'd love to do a picture with Woody, but he works with himself. I feel most comfortable in the suspense film genre. I don't want to do a sentimental romantic story because that's dangerous. I know what it takes to get people to do that, and it's not me to do a LOVE STORY or THE WAY WE WERE. I'd rather do films about "the way we are."

And about next film — all I can tell you is that it will probably begin with a shot of the exit sign in the theater going out and replaced by an extreme close-up of another sign that says, "No Evil"! and it will be accompanied by the sounds of the doors in the auditorium being slammed shut so the audience can't get out. Really, that's what I'm planning

Most people, though, involved with any creative medium are notoriously inconsistent or apt to change plans on a moment's notice. So what Friedkin truly has in mind for the future isn't certain. One thing that is, though, is that the "new ending" he mentioned seems at the moment unlikely. Word has also reached us at press time that a new ending was indeed created but has been rejected for the time being. A little more insight into the Friedkin personality follows.

CoF: Alfred Hitchcock is bored with post-production jobs. Other directors Peter Bogdanovich and Mike Nichols, for example, love to physically edit their films. How do you feel?

WF: I do, too. I edit my own films. I enjoy it more than any other phase of filmmaking. [This, however, is debatable: *WF's* *The Right Stuff* (1983) was considered a certain failure upon its initial completion; a special film editor was hired to re-cut and to insert special stock footage prior to general release of the film about a year later. —CTB.]

CoF: What directors have influenced you the most?

WF: None.

CoF: Do you admire the work of your contemporaries?

WF: For example, who?

CoF: I was hoping you would give me some examples.

WF: Well, I said today — weren't you here today?

CoF: Yes.

WF: I said that Stanley Kubrick, you know, Stanley Kubrick. You get — everything you get there, I'm gonna talk about tonight, really. You gotta take notes on it because this is boring.

CoF: I'm recording it.

WF: You know, because like I said, Kubrick — boom!

CoF: What about...?

WF: ...and you should pick up on that.

CoF: Peter Bogdanovich, for example?

WF: I don't really wanna comment on other guys. I shouldn't, you know. Good or bad, it isn't cool to comment on other...

CoF: What is your opinion of the *active theory*?

WF: Well, to me film is largely a collaborative medium and a great many people contribute to the success or failure of a movie. I don't just mesh stock in it.

CoF: What are your future projects?

WF: I'm looking for a film now. I mentioned that again, today. I said that today — this afternoon.

CoF: But you didn't mention the name.

WF: No, I didn't have any. I don't have a specific project. You know, I'm looking to another suspense film, but I don't know which one.

CoF: Many directors are honored by winning an Academy Award. Others feel that the Oscars are often given on the basis of sentiment and do use *surface* or raw recognition of talent. As an Award recipient, what's your opinion?

WF: I was honored to receive the Academy Award. I think it's the highest honor the industry can give.

CoF: We know that you've done a lot of work in New York, including the *interviews* of *THE EXORCIST*.

WF: It's just circumstantial. I like to go make films wherever I think the subject is, you know. I finish all my films in Hollywood, but I don't shoot out there because I shoot on location. Most films are made on location today.

CoF: When the writer exercises an much control as *Mike Nichols* did on *THE EXORCIST*, is it hard for the director to express his artistic vision?

WF: No.

CoF: The success of a film like *THE EXORCIST* depends a lot on the expertise of the technicians. Who chose the special effects men, the makeup men?

WF: I did.

CoF: Was it on the basis of previous work you had seen?

WF: Yeah.

CoF: Including *Billy Winters* from *Montage* for the Iraq sequences, for example.



William Friedkin and Ellen Burstyn discuss certain details of *THE EXORCIST*'s script.

WF: I've photographed WOMEN IN LOVE. *CoF*: Are there any horror films that have influenced you?

WF: Two would be PSYCHO, of course. PSYCHO is one of the best films I've ever seen from an emotional standpoint. The other is a Japanese movie called ONIBABA. It is terrifying. It is the most terrifying film I have ever seen. BY an obscure Japanese film called ONIBABA and it'll scare the hell out of you. It's about eight years or ten years old. It's in black and white, widescreen, beautifully made. I used a lot of principles of suspense from ONIBABA.

CoF: Do you think audiences are more sophisticated today?

WF: I do think audiences are more sophisticated and better educated than they ever were before. First of all, 70% of the movie picture audience today is between the age of 12 and 29, tends to be better educated, more affluent, more selective in their choices.

CoF: Why are so many Hollywood films today routine and pedestrian?

WF: I don't know that I agree with you that everything that comes out of Hollywood is routine and pedestrian.

CoF: I didn't say "everything."

WF: ... And I won't disagree with you either. I just don't want to be the guy to say it.

AN EVALUATION OF *THE EXORCIST* And Some Impressions Of William Friedkin

Technically, *THE EXORCIST* is a great achievement. All the special effects are believable and shocking within the context of the story. And, of course, much of the film's success is due to director William Friedkin's ability to heighten suspense and, then, move that satisfy the audience's expectations through pacing and supervising the action well. *THE*

EXORCIST does manage to shock the audience to a remarkable degree, and that in itself is no mean feat.

But, upon reflection, what is the purpose? The horror is shock for its own sake.

Supposedly, there are many levels of meaning in the film. On the deepest possible level, it could be viewed as a simple allegory of Christ figure versus anti-Christ figure. Even assuming this, the execution is crude—especially when one compares it to the subtlety of Polanski's *ROSEMARY'S BABY*—and the ending is vague, not thought-provoking like *2001*, but simply incomplete and anti-climactic.

The performances, considering the material, are quite good. Eliot Burstyn, Lee J. Cobb, Ketti Miller, Max von Sydow, and the late Jack Palance (also seen in Polanski's *CUL-DE-SAC* and *THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS*) very professionally play their respective characters. Unfortunately, their performances are not analyzed, and these characters remain largely undeveloped. Friedkin develops the character of Father Karras (Jason Miller) with a Ruthless care. Miller, protagonist of *THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON*, plays the role of the good-guy Christian priest with realism.

THE EXORCIST's fantastic success causes me to reflect on the film's place in the history of horror films. With a headline-grabbing, big budget (over 7 million dollar) film like this comes out, it's hard for horror film devotees not to think of the underappreciated, but much better bonanzas in the genre: *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*, *NIGHT TIDE*, *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, the Val Lewton films, and Cormier's *Poe* movies.

In effect, *THE EXORCIST* is an expensive exploitation movie. *THE LOVE STORY* OR *THE SOUND OF MUSIC* of the horror genre.

On first meeting Bill Friedkin, the immediate impression is one of charming macency and personal appearance. His special talents on film-making proved highly interesting. But, regrettably, many contradictions arose in his

presentation.

When Bill Friedkin arrived on the campus, he was shown every possible courtesy that the University of Georgia's student union was able to extend. However, though he had much ample time to participate in an extensive interview, he chose to evade most questions that I tried bringing up in our special private confab. Among his many excuses was that he would answer every conceivable question at the lecture session, and stated that he wanted to use his voice. When I finally did persuade him to answer questions, he did his best to seem disinterested—but apparently I seem thru much better than others, considering a number of magazines, especially *Newsweek*, and news papers were all still away. So, at least, we may all consider this another feather in CoF's well-habored cap.

True to form, Friedkin stuck to his stock script and the answers he usually gives at lectures and on TV talk shows. When faced with a cerebral question, however, he often reverted to cerebral answers.

During the course of a two-hour and fifteen minute lecture session, a fifteen minute interview, and another two and a half hour period, he made many seemingly conflicting statements. At one time, he said he directed *THE DEVILS* because director Ken Russell of us sacrificed content for techniques. Later he stated that he liked JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL...

...forget the message or the art."

Friedkin implied that financially unsuccessful films deserve to be unsuccessful because they have no popular appeal. Yet his list of influential films included many "...which are not necessarily commercially successful."

Friedkin refused to tell how the "dead turning" special effect was accomplished because it would "spoil" its success on film, yet he told he was most of the other special effects were done in some detail.

In the interview, he said that it wasn't "...cool to comment on other guys' [directors'] but in the lecture he commented on several other directors any way."

During the session, he made a definite statement about adding a fifteen-second, silent ending to *THE EXORCIST*. In the other session, he claimed he was only "considering" the additional footage.

The most self-contradictory of all of Friedkin's statements, perhaps, is that he claims that Warner and himself had nothing to do with the sensational publicity surrounding *THE EXORCIST*. This allegation itself is questionable, especially since a great deal of Friedkin's lecture details the reactions of audiences and clergymen. Also, just to judge by much of the film's pre-release promotion (that began at least a year and a half ago) and Friedkin's own numerous cross-country tours and TV-radio appearances, it might be fair to say that *THE EXORCIST* has been a beneficiary of more well-organized publicity and p.r. by perhaps any film has received to date.

Friedkin uses film-fetishizing as catharsis, to make people laugh, cry, or be scared. He never stresses the value of film as an art form or as intellectual stimulation. As a director, he only serves the audience in a very surface, superficial sense. Perhaps as a good businessman with some understanding of art, he is right he has a massive budget on the pulse of the American public; he knows how to make money. In fact, he says he knows how to make his head of their board-of-directors.

Or, another Mike Todd, A showman rather than a "great" director.

Whatever—I find his crassly commercial attitude deplorable. It degrades cinema and lowers it to the level of a carnival side show.

—Steve Myers —



Years later,
Vincent Van
Gogh,
the Gallery
Ghoul.

The CoFanaddicts GALLERY

Before unleashing another round of preposterous offerings, divers macabre ideas and other weirdness presented by the dimwits of this ghastly department, I'd like to give all of you my deepest thanks (and even my fees) for the many cards and letters of appreciation. Some of you were so loving as to visit my cozy mausoleum and peace-blessed funerar wreath on the goss. Most touching. A few "leader" types organized torch-bearing mobs of villagers at night to hover over us "spooky" commoners. I'm deeply flattered. But to those who went to the trouble and expense of arriving with sharpened stakes and melées? I'm completely overcome by such sentimentality!

And now, here are Van Gogh's Rules governing The Gallery:

- 1— No professionals or dealers allowed.
- 2— Keep all info short as possible, otherwise I'll use a scalpel... and cut!
- 3— Whether or not you have preferences to items, all announcement, etc., just sending in your name is enough— it simply means you want pen-pals.

And, of course—this whole dept. is free of charge. Just do your thing and mail it to:

GALLERY Dept. — Gothic Castle
509 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10017.

W. BROWN III, 88 Forest St., New Canaan, Ct. 06840, collects maps in the genre, etc., and interests in CCG starting a club.

MICHAEL AMOROSO, 45 Bay 19 St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11214, is into Mummies, Batman, Green Hornet and kindred spookies.

PAUL RAY, Oscillation Trailer Park (no. 49), Pocatello, Colo. 80012, is just 9 and wants pen-pals.

JOHN PONDRON, P.O. Box 1817, Fairfield, Cal. 94533, does artwork wants to contribute to comic/film fandoms & subscribe to them.

JOATHAN HOTIL, 2828 Greenhills, Anaheim, Cal. 92804, stop-motion animation buff, wants any books & magaz. on this subject & pen-pals interested in animation.

JOHN TOMASULIO, 86 Sunset Ave., North Andover, N.H. 03112, wants all possible info etc. **REAR PLANET OF THE APES**.

DMIAN DOLAN, 2148 Estey Dr., Jeannette, Pa. 15644, wants all possible info etc.

PAUL VIETTE, 5479 Proctor Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94618.

CORY BODLER, 2548 Mifflin Forest Dr., Tuxedo, Ga. 30484, a Chess Law columnist and an A-1 Fan Friend.

JOE KEPPLER, R.R. 1, Box 362, Box 446, Valley College, N.Y. 10588, publishes *Proteus* and hosts a local SFantasy fan club.

STEVE MUSGROVE, 107 Miremont Dr., Syosset, N.Y. 10594, a great admirer of the late Lon Chaney Jr. & an A-1 Co-Freak.

KERT SLOAN, 1285 Rutledge Court St., Rosedale, Pa. 15504, is into comic book collecting.

BRAD LINDSEY, 2601 Colloquieve, Starkville, Miss., 39058, into makeup, pupps & stuff.

NELSON W. BLACK, 2322 Clinton Ave., Alameda, Calif. 94501.

TIM STULL, R.R. 6, Box 444, Bleedington, Ind. 47481.

RODGER MAYDEN, 1541 Sherman Dr., St. Charles, Mo. 63301, collects SFantasy film mags.

TIMOTHY BEER, 781 Jewell Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10314, brews barrels of kickass over new SFantasy-horror flicks.

GORDON CAMPOS, 1521 Lefth, Cincinnati, Ohio 45212.

BARNEY WALSH, 8408 Cerritos, Houston, Tex. 77018, Japanese Member the freak widest pen-pals (16 yrs. & older).

JIM AUSTIN, 5 Sanderl Dr., Jamestown, N.Y. 14751, an impossible MCNG you wanted. Dito anything on Mender on the campus.

JIM WILLIAMS, 18 Sycoem Ct., Muscat, Ind. 47360, books, posters, CCG, weird art mag & so on at reasonable, decent prices.

RAL MARAVILLA, 238 Clifton Ave., Newark, N.J. 07105.

MIKE MURRAY, 215 Plaza Ave., Sharpsville, Penna., 15150, collects flicks.

ROBERT HUNTER, 820 Colerain Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45202, Contact Blue & Interested In *Froment's Daughters*.

SPENCER CRUM, Journalism Dept., Orange Coast College, 2701 Fairview Rd., Costa Mesa, Calif. 92626, *FCF* fans, meep meep as donations for college students.

JOE HUMZIN, 184-23 86th St., Hollis, Beach, N.Y. 11423, the peer, especially CoF to the N.Y. **CHRIS ROMAND**, 219 E. William Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213, selling tills, comics and his own *Fanz*, "The Monster Magazine."

LEROY BUDICK, P.O. Box 188, Octon, Ill. 61446; veteran Cahan loner to sell huge comic book collection (thousands), price decent & "gizmo guide" rates owing to dad's death and mother's illness, *zap* in col for catalog.

PAUL W. HODGINS, R.R. 2, Box 126, Lyndon, Vt., 05444.

EUGENE BOLSON, 1322 Zc. 2m 8th St., Pekin, Illinois 61544, collects SFantasy mags.

JOHN REYNOLDS, 8158 Valleybrook (Box 22), Chatsworth, 16100 S. 8201, collects *Brain* items, etc.

PAUL BRAUD, 120 Taube, Missoula, Mont. 59801, wants to hear from SFANTASY-monster-Trumbull fans & further info on same.

LAVERN WELCH is McShane, 1 Weber Dr., Port Chester, N.Y. 10573, needs contributions & materials to start a lansite, pays with free sub. Has SFantasy image, comics for sale or trade.

RICHARD TEMPLIN, 307 E. Union St., Tamaqua, Pa. 18228, selling books, mags, posters, 8mm films at very reasonable prices.

RUSS WISCHMAN, R.R. 2, Box 178, Mendon, Mass. 01756, will buy any *Lost In Space* material & wishes correspondence from any survivors of this series.

CURTIS INGLIS, 816 Wayzata, Richardson, Tex. 75208, is a GO-DIZZILLA freak who wishes SFantasy-monster pen-pals.

MIKE LUSHBROOK, 27 Summer St., Haverhill, Mass. 01830, wishes to collect *DARK SHADOWS* items & related material.

PAUL DEBAR, 2805 W. 96th St., Bellflower, N.Y. 11718, has 11 X 14 copies of "Horror Stars" for \$1.00 per copy.

VARRY VAN DUZER, 3 Vincent Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10314, wants to collect *Dark Shadows* (best in ten-ton form). Also collects all kinds of SFantasy mazanas.

STEVE TAYLOR, 4448 Pepperberry Ave., San Jose, Calif. 95117, a *Lost In Space* freak.

ROBERT JERGER, R.D. 1, Box 2656, Oxford, N.J. 07836, actually believes the "competition stinks" and that CoF "is the greatest."

ROBERT YAPPE, 4 Valentine Dr., Albermarle, N.Y. 11507, interested in all phases of SFantasy films, particularly art-work on the subject.

MIKE ALAFERDGER, 8719 E.S.L. Varmont, W.A.F.B., Mich. 48733, wants *Warrior* into on *Silent Running* & *Trumbull* from serious fans only.

JOHN DAWSON, 4 Tennessee Ave., Matlock, Derby, England, wants *Warrior* films at reasonable prices.



"Really, Larry, this is no time for one of your *sharp* jokes."

... In Closing

In a quite serious mood for a moment, how many of you have recently sent your part as good citizens and contributed a dollar or more to the V.A.F.? It desperately needs your support, namely because the *Vampire Asylum Foundation* is suffering a critical shortage of blood plasma. We'll be keeping you abreast of this and other worthy organizations from time to time.

CoF—have any of you ever been kind enough to consider donating a buck or so to help me pay off the mortgage on my beautiful messabout?

Really spruiky, though—you must spell out your names and addresses (even if your *Glam* entry is handwritten), otherwise only you are to blame for any mortal.

To reiterate (and even repeat): this dept. is a free service. You, your friends—anyone—can take advantage of it. With the exception of pros, of course.

I note by the clock on the grandfather clock that it's time for my lime trees and crumpets. And, so, as the head bandage used to say: ho-ho—ho is he swathed in the last time.

That about wraps up everything for now!

Yrs., etc., Vincent Van Gogh

YOU ASKED FOR ID!

For a very limited time only, one of the rarest SFantasy movie stills of all time (the one and only *Monster* from the id of *FORBIDDEN PLANET* fame), One 8 X 10 copy for \$1.50 (price includes postage and handling). Available from: Philip B. McConnell, P.O. Box 1626, Main Post Office, Boston, Massachusetts 02104.

(Cont. from p. 5.)

Barb H. as we would say in SLAYBOY magazine, who are now writing for obvious reasons. HOLLOWHOUSE is another one never to see the light of day again.

A final question: have you any idea when KURTIS' 2001 will come out?

GARY YOUNG, 4860 Cynthia Dr., Elyria, Ohio 44032.

—Annoying your 2001 query: *My God, I hope not!* I saw it originally aimed at an untranslatable, original and gorgeous independent Cinema ferox, back early in '88. It was in the NYC's Capitol Theater, a beautiful movie palace that was demolished and replaced by a discount bat phones-looking skyscraper that now houses, I believe, two restaurants but quite ugly small movie theaters. About a week after, thanks to gossipy critical "opinions" (written by people with no investment in filmaking outside of buying up type-writers and a few cents of type paper), Kubrick was literally forced by MGM to make drastic cuts of approximately 20 minutes. Although the film suffered, it was still beautiful on the Auge Cinema screen. But, not so once it went into national release in ordinary theaters where it seemed to lose more than 50%—even in hours equipped with the finest wide screens. Even under such a huge handicap, it was still a favorite favorite all over the country, on college campuses, etc.—but a handicap nevertheless that cannot be overlooked. Thus, on TV, it's going to be a chapter—a terrible one, for worse than most "Scope" movies adapted for the small TV screen. —CIA

Space is so tight this issue, we forgot one and Letters address heading which it:

Letters to GOTHIC CASTLE,
500 5th Ave., New York, NY 10017.

COMIC NUTS

Dear CIA:

I'm writing in the hope of saving comic book reviews. Please don't delete it—lengthen it, if anything. With practically nothing on the market about comics, we follow SF/comic nuts here and your yearly comments in the letters section. I was absolutely astounded that comics had up to 40% advertising! I got out to prove you wrong. The first two I grabbed up (Action #433, Power Man #17) had 30% cluttered by ads. Remarkable! I knew it was bad, but, never really thought so bad. So, once again, you're right. I also noticed a number of them are to 25%. Chap is at I can say.

The only thing I don't like in CofI is that there's too much on the crappy movies of today.

BILL OTTO, 210-B Langford, M.S.U., Boca Raton, Fla., 33431.

—So, how about something on the crappy movies of today? Better yet, how's about 10, or 20, even 30 pages just on the every issue, 10 or 12 more on genre-related stuff, 1990, etc., and maybe only 5 or 10 about film? If it possible, there are those who're so totally into comic to the exclusion of even film on TV?—Count the odd in the Marvel's again, and it's more like 40%. I never considered the stuff they show more than an ad-promo, if it were personalized for with different title, there'd be different. —CIA

NIGHT CHILDREN

for Cal Beck

Wicked scenes

In the Castle of Frankenstein
Or some scared state
For our dark language,
What ghosts gather
Picks us out
And makes as lovers of night,
Who take our beauty
Painted with the strengthenings
Of the face of a vampire?

Not killing or violence
Brought back
From a visited chamber
To our sanctified world,
But ritual love
For the admissions
Intensity of life,

—Kris Berry

R. R. 2, Box 372, The Plains, Ohio 43062.

—We want to respect Mr. Berry's wish that certain very, very moving and enduring sentiments and wishes, contained in his personal letter, be kept private... except to reveal that he dedicated the above "...for the hours of enjoyment your magazine has given me." Thanks.—CIA

BAV, FAVA ARE DRAG

Dear CIA:

Very interesting that PSYCHO may have been filmed in color, instead, I think the film may work better in color—emphasizing Norman Bates' family world and the Vietnamese opposite's deformity in his house.

Re MARX/STEIN: THE TRUE STORY. Perh as the film was really beautiful and great Romantic paroxysm, but I think more recently (1971) The Devil's Brigade (which I believe) is a much better movie, so much more than just a routine vampire thriller, this documentary climax on the surreal condition is one of the Ten Best "horror" films ever made. I hope you can a symposium on it and get an interview with Curtis and Matheson.

You can also print (and rightly so) the film of MARS: BORN TO KILL in your new section. I wish you would do an extensive article on it, as it is too bad that these rarely see a decent script. Can you imagine what he could have done with Ray Russell's SARDONICUS? —**DANIEL MASLOSKI**, 24 Larch Ave., Newburgh, N.Y. 12550.

—Not only does but a number of other European luxurians would be great for interviews. Right now CofI could use a good European correspondent—our last one went for an interview on Corinna's hobby and it still there... writing pulp fiction and paperback. On an analytical but highly aesthetic note, I wonder how it would've been interviewing the great D. W. Griffith? Suppose he'd show here a film about his great, colorful career long ago. Not too late to cast the great Griffith look-alike Fred Astaire as a wonderful and underrated artist for the role. —CIA

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

Dear CIA:

CofI is the best damn sf/fantasy book and fanzine. Among your best interviews are for me have been on Interview with Dr. DREXEL (MILITANT HUMANIST) Tremont. That interview revolved around SOYLENT GREEN is a great and unique method of writing up fictions. Don't drop that continue the comics reviews. And why not let year's various readers give their own opinions on comics, especially if you don't like those to handle it all the time?

—Those fictions have been handling on pretty well with CofI, and I switch on Kall (now with Mike Davis) and The CofI Connection (April), though some of their minor times have been in a rut. With the exception of Batman and The Thing, DC's really been in a stupor.

Distribution in Philadelphia for CofI is lousy. It may not be your fault, but I hope there's something you can do. Many fine in Goshen men are going nutty trying to find it! —**JOE BAWLEY**, 253 E. Harrison St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19144.

Dear CIA:

I thoroughly enjoy CofI. There is one big problem: it only comes from a back-issue store. They sell most issues, but with covers torn in half—it runs the range of quality. You have a great back-issue dept., but why not include substitutions, too. It would be preferable getting it via the mail in this shape. You had substitutions a long time ago, and I realize it would take a lot of extra effort running it again, but I'm certain it's better than what we've been discovering CofI is such institutions as the so-called back number store. Your loyal fan,
—**RICH BECKER**, 3830 Petrelton Drive, Philadelphia, Pa. 19154.

—The above letters sort of answer each other. It's like that in a few other areas unfortunately, but Philly and vicinity is a particularly sore spot. What we'd like to know is, why all these years has a certain mysterious Mr. X defrauded readers a chance to find not only CofI and many other favorite mags, but has found it expedient to let them "stay" weakly into back-number

shops in miasmal condition? We've said this, in one way or another, many times in CofI. Perhaps that we're not a Paper Chain, which will Airt or put out of business many mags, may change things. Perhaps some extremely tough Ecologists may have to make a tour of legal house out of it and yell out, "Let's put an end to this monstrous waste!" Perhaps it'll require a Marrian dimension, or as the wonderful Legion Cuppy would've stated it, "Save your dory and need a Krackle sandwich!" Yep, no doubt of it—it'll offer some deep insight why CofI hasn't gone a few problems in the past, and why it used to be one of the harder jobs publishing *any* twice a year. We hope it's now all in the past! Maybe... —CIA

P.S. CUSHING

Dear CIA:

I'm happy you're finally doing something on Peter Cushing. Why do so many other magaz. until a great man's demise before he is truly appreciated? Since 1956 Mr. Cushing has appeared in 63 films, yet has been hardly noticed in any publication. There are at least two scholars who have praised Chris Lee about him. He has always thoroughly overacted in everything he's done. Like it, or not, he's a good performer, yet extremely over-rated. Vincent Price is a great actor but has turned to chewing the role and the sensory, in Cushing we have a man who takes his craft seriously, no matter how poor the film, he tries to the best of his capabilities, living it off. More about this fine man and his fine career will appear in CofI, with detailed coverage on such cultish faves as ISLAND OF TERROR, I MIGHTY, BRIDES OF DRACULA, and most of all, DR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS AND THE SKULL. Of course, I thoroughly enjoyed your coverage on TALES FROM THE CRYPT and VAULT OF HORROR, and agree with most of what was discussed, though you did pass over very critical, I feel, two of his best films. The most interesting relationship on TV, apparently not mentioned (some with Cushing) are FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED, DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE, Curse of the Werewolf, and Dracula Prince of Darkness, Tropic, Five Million Miles to Earth, etc., etc. They appeared mostly on TV (CBS). Not too long ago, ca. 4 (1981) Mr. Cushing's death scene in NIGHT CREEPS: GHOSTS OF THE NIGHT was replaced with a scene of Hammer's Dracula, The Curse of the Fly and others. Why, even STAR TREK and THE PRISONER are up against it to accommodate more commercials! —**WARREN DISBROW**, Jr., 303 Highland Ave., Neptune, N.J. 07753.

—I understand thousands of letters from four power into CBS over the past year or so, checking them off for their appealing cuts. That CBS (and its outlets) seem to have been in the censorship lead, but numerous independent stations and NBS haven't been much better. I would like to see a channel that chronically shows classic pictures to accommodate audience requests. *BE, MY GUEST*, *THAT GIRL*, etc. Much to all the other stations, too. DR. PROBES certainly does own completely separate when CBS network-broadcast if recently. But the fight's hardly begun—and the only weapon we have of guaranteeing any further barbs from our friends against the airing of our favorite concern and displeasure. —CIA

That, regrettably, just about terminates all our mutual interactive proclivities for the nonce, fellow gosseidies. And that's so far that it's a "way 'ya." In short, where the hell were you in '73?

Those given to more metaphysical and esoteric involvements please peruse Uncle Vernon Ven Ghoest's domain in the Co-FAN-AD-ICTS GALLERY... which follows immediately after station identification.

Make Love, not War, and... PEACE.

—Cal Beck —

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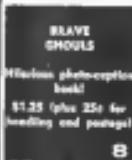
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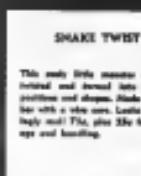
II



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13

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1922 — 6 full reels — \$55.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Due to early copyright difficulties, they could not title this as DRACULA, though it has been highly praised as perhaps the most horrendous and best made version of the famous Vampire story. NOW—director F.W. Murnau's original feature length version, exactly as it was made. Asualized by International Film Festivals as one of the Top Ten Horror Classics of all time!

METROPOLIS

1926 — 9 full reels — \$79.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Fritz Lang's classic, which took more than two years to make, is universally acclaimed as one of The Greatest Pictures ever made, perhaps approached only by THINNES TO COME and THINNES TO COME! for sheer visual power and camerawork. There's as yet been another film like this! Lang claims he'll never make another like this! Lang claims he'll never make another like this! SEE! the story of the slaves in their terrible Under-ground City... Rotwang, archetypal of all mad scientists, creating a robot-android in a sequence to put down ALL "creation of life" sequences! SEE! some of the most tremendous special and visual effects ever devised. An SFantasy Classic!

Lon Chaney Sr. in:

THE SHOCK

1923 — 6 full reels — \$66.55 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A continuing classic. The first Horror classic produced in 8mm. Under the execrable direction of Lambert Hillyer (who went on in 1936 to direct the memorable THE INVISIBLE MAN with Karloff and Lugosi) and DRACULA'S DAUGHTER! It's an excellent vehicle for Chaney as he was reaching the mid-way peak of his cinematic talents.

Boris Karloff in:

THE BELLS

1928 — 7 full reels — \$66.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A great Horrific trip for all macabre fans, especially for Karloff-philes, co-starring from grants like Lionel Atwill, and the one and only Schuyler Grant. Highly inspired and heavily influenced by CALIGARI. In this earliest of all Karloff features available to collectors, Boris, King of Horror, anticipates his famous roles of the future, shelling out scenes in the type of weird role that would establish his career. As the strange Meister, who is first found in an odd traveling circus, Karloff appears in a succession of dark and macabre scenes that rank among the screen's best.

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

1927 — 7 full reels — \$65.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

The original and definitive House of Horrors movie. Directed by Paul Leni, with Laura LaPlante as the girl in distress. Fabulous sets, mood and grand "spectral" atmosphere, with more thrills, shadows, suspense at night or behind sealed panels and down dark corridors than have shown on the screen before or since then. An orgy of haunts and thrills.



THE GOLEM

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

1920 — 6 full reels — \$55.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

John Barrymore took the title between great Shakespearean stage roles to star in this horror film. Directed by Tod Browning, it established him as a film star immortal. Rated as the most chilling version of Stevenson's famous horror novel, Barrymore's transformation sequences scale the heights of the macabre. A truly frightening horror film.



METROPOLIS

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

1917 — 6 full reels — \$74.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Long considered a "lost" SFantasy classic, it wowed audiences when finally rediscovered and shown at the N.Y. Film Festival a few years ago. Its originality of special effects, camera work and special scenes are as fresh as the most innovative use of film making. The earliest SFantasy feature film spectacular ever created and the first feature version of Jules Verne's fabulous imagination.

THE LOST WORLD

1925 — 6 full reels — \$75.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Prehistoric monsters and dinosaurs galore in the famous Arthur Conan Doyle classic, made into an all-time super-film by Willis O'Brien, the creator of KING KONG and master of Ray Harryhausen. Now you can relive the daring exploits of Prof. Challenger and his friends, from the moment they meet and plan the world's most astounding expedition, at the cameras and action scenes from London across the ocean, to the depths of uncharted regions of the Amazon to... The Lost World.

DESTINY

1921 — 6 full reels — \$59.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Created and directed by Fritz Lang, the visionary director of METROPOLIS, the MABURU series, SIEGFRIED and many other screen gems. A Lang film hardly requires explanation or justification. He is simply one of the greatest masters of film making that ever lived, and he proves it in this exhilarating three-part mystical fantasy (and an unexcelled classic) that not only proved him ready to become a director but shows his influence to be the best works of Ingmar Bergman.

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

1924 — 14 full reels — \$119.90 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A great spectacular running time nearly 3 hours at normal silent speed! starring the legendary Douglas Fairbanks in his heroic hey-day, with Anna May Wong. Join him as he can in this epic, told in 14 full reels, authorities say to put to shame the 1940 Kubo version. An Arabian Nights dream of magnificent adventures, spectacles and wondrous special effects. The definitive Fairbanks adventure and greatest of all films.

THE GOLEM

1920 — 7 full reels — \$65.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Now, from the Golden Age of German SFantasy-Horror films, UFA's gothic masterpiece of Expressionism being offered for the first time. Directed by and starring Paul Wegener, the Plankenshield-monster known as the Golem. Right off friends and foes alike. He is the creation of Rabbi Loew, who has been granted by God the power and cabalism to protect her by bringing the Golem to life. Rated among the top SFantasy films of all time, this is the original and best of all versions ever made.

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI

1919 — 8 full reels — \$60.75 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

In the history of SFantasy-horror films, no other production has ever succeeded in capturing the utter sense of terror and unreality conveyed by this expressionistic masterpiece. Camera work, lighting and sets alone have been acclaimed as the most original and unusual ever seen on a screen. A soul-shaking probe of mental depravity and intellectual perveristy, it plumbs the darker regions of horror and goes far beyond. Starring Conrad Veidt.

GOTHIC CASTLE— 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

BACK ISSUE DEPT.



—SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION—THE MURKIN THRUOUT THE AGES; THE BOBS KALOOF STORY; picture stories on TIME MACHINE, WOMAN RAIDER, JACKIE THE RIPPER, SEVENTH SEAL, PIT AND THE PENDULUM, FRANKENSTEIN 1970, THUNDER, GIANT BEHEMOTH, MYSTERY, AND ALIENS; ROBERT O' DELL AND THE LITTLE PEEPERS; WORLDS OF THE BABEEMUTH; ROBERT O' DELL AND HOW ROCKET WILL TRAVEL; Peril of monster carnage; THE JETS; Japanese monsters; BRITISH HORRORS.



#2 —VAMPIRE—a 4-disk horror comic story written and illustrated by Larry (Mac) THE MANY FACES OF CHRISTOPHER LEE, pictures—written on name—late 1957 HIS REBIRTH OF NOTE BANG, the 1963 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and the 1962 CAVINET OF CALIGARI, American version of FRANKENSTEIN, a science fiction story plus another, plus super-changes — THE DAY MEN FLEW, Charles, Collins, on 1968



—The first FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN, compilation of Boris Karloff's STORIES, including the UND CHERRY JR. STORY, plus lots of other KARLOFF STORIES, plus a portion related to MARY EVES HAPPENED TO BART KARL, DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, THE RAVISH, CAPTAIN NIMROD and NIGHT CREATURES, Mary Shelley and the BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN, Charles Collins on Shirley Jackson and Ray Bradbury, Larry Bond on FRANKENSTEIN, TWILIGHT MONSTER, GENE, TEEN-AGE MONSTER, MARY...



44 SPECIAL VAMPIRE IS TUG
A lone-vampire on NOBLEMAN
KISS OF THE VAMPIRE, BLACK
SUNDAY and BLOOD OF THE
VAMPIRE, with Perry on MISTER
MURKIN, and the VAMPIRE
from Schatz's *Autumn*. Persons
involved in CONTINENTAL CREA-
TURES, part 3 of LONG CHAMPS
FANTASTIQUE, and the FEARED
FRENCH VAMPIRE, and the
LEGEND OF THE MUMMY, plus
various entries on FREAKS and THE
HAUNTINGS, and the WIZARD, and
WONDERFUL WORKS
OF GEORGE FRASER, and the
curious case of DR. NO: FRANKEN-
STEIN RABBITGUIDE, first



49 - *Epilogue*: questionnaire-and-video tape interview with Boris Batalin, culture-review of ABC-TV's *BATMAN*, with the jacket in full color, biography and photo credits by Robert C. Hansen, complete Raman bibliography of contemporary William F. Buckley picture books, and a complete *Table of Contents* from 1917 to 1984, a *Cartoon* column, coverage of Germany's humor book awards, *TV* *Roundup* - "TV" and *Cartoon* sections.

50 - *Epilogue*: *BRIDGE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (continued); *Maniac*; *Mike Ray* report on *The Romantic European Picture Shows*; *BATMAN*.



#10-Berry Brown reveals The True Facts Behind Bob Lepage's *Timely* Days. Additional, first part of long interview with *Crime* king KONG; interview with Lee Chester Jr., nephew of *Batman*; THESE ARE THE DAMNED and CURSE OF THE R.E. pictures on THE ADVENTURES OF RAT MONTAGUE and DOO DOO. Frankenstein TV "monsters" and more. Includes book reviews: biography of *Gilligan's* Bob Denver; *WTF* Elmer's The Split; *Imaginon* review by Miles Mathis; full color book cover by Arnold Fanck.



111—*Requital of Justice* is the Star Story. Wimpy, an English Star Story Farmer, an Agricultural Calm Bank, bounces on Easter wavy William Shuster, Ray Thomas, Whitman, Calm Inter- Christy, Grahame, and the like. Calm Returns to Humor Studies. Donald Phillips writes the *HOOTERS CHAMBER OF GL. FAUSTUS*. The first and only one of it. This Hooters, however, is the best of the bunch. The Man Behind the Camera, however, on Marvel's mighty job, Diamond, is the best of the bunch. The best of the bunch remains THE MINDS OF H. H. HANCOCK, Frankenstein Meets Up With Frankenstein, beginning with "14" and "15" a look at Committee Room, and ending with "16" and "17" The Year of Horror. The best of the bunch is on Wally Wood's *Wally Wood's Wally Wood's* book review, by Horace



DID YOU MISS ANY?



#5-Hound Eye Marion, 1935
K. "Baldie" Farnham: Everett
recalls his personal acquaintance
with Loring in THE PETER WARRE
STORY—with checklist of all his
books—there were seven or
EVELYN FRANTZEN: Everett
recalls her as a young girl. Dick helped her
with MONSTERS OF BOOKE
RICH BURROUGHS—with photo
of her by Frank Rosette, Reed
Crandall, Jerry and Al Wiss
COPPER: Everett
met with Arthur Labell, director
of 1942 PHANTOM OF THE
OPERA first cast ODEON RUT
GOOSIES: Everett
met with JEAN COCTEAU
and with MORIS CARLSON
ADAMS: Everett
photographed by Kostoff in 1935



—The **MOND** **FORGOTTEN**
FRANKENSTEIN, FANTASY FEST—
 report on 2nd Theatre Science Fiction
 Film Festival, **HORROR** **009**
 (1968). **MOND** **FORGOTTEN** **009**
 presents new pictures of the **Shawnee**, **Inner**
Southern and other great mystery
fantasies, part 2 of **LOH CHAMAY**
IN STORY, comedies
COCKTAILS (S. & T. 6) **010**—
FRANKENSTEIN **Film** **011** **Charles**
Collins **in Robert E. Howard's**
MONSTERS, **part 1** **of** **MONSTERS**, **part 2** **of**
DEATH, **UNDERDOGS**, **part 1** **of**
FRANKENSTEIN, **TV MOVIE**
GUIDE **012** **all horror on TV.**



No. 13—Special All-Star Issue! "2001: A Space Odyssey" analysis/preview; interview with RAY BRADBURY; "Planet of the Apes" Resumes! "Maciste" secret facts/clip; revealed for the first time! BASIL RATHBONE interviewed for Last Time, John; FRID profile; coverage of Jane on ROSEMARY'S BABY, SANBAREA, etc.; "CARNAK," comic strip in the immortal CoI manner; "TV Dr. Not TV?" (that is a question?), RAQUEL WELCH.



Fig. 14



No. 15



No. 11

No.161- KARLOFF SPECIAL
"Title to Karloff," "My
Life As a Monster" by Karloff,
HORROR FILM HISTORY,
part One, MARY BRADBURY
interview, MEL CARMAN by
STANLEY KARLOFF,
ILLUSTRATED MAP, BOOKS
recommended by MEL CARMAN,
FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE
DESTROYED, Pictures from
WIZARD OF OZ, GRANGE,
etc.

REVISIT: HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS (part 2); MARX-CODEN (reviewed); KARLOFF & HIS LEGACY; THE OMEN; LONG BOX, WITH VINTAGE THIN; (reviewed); review of TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA, WITH CHIN LEE; BURGESS EDWARD'S LITTLE NEMO; SMASH CORDON; MEN BEHIND THE COMICS; FROM SHREWD TO MEATH: THE PLANET OF THE APES; 2 SISTERS; critique; THE WITCH'S BREW; Sci articles on forgotten cities and medieval HEADTORIAL; COOK

111. ROBERT BLOCH *int. with PREHISTORIC DINOSAURS RULED, HERTZBERGER'S INTER-
-CORIAN GRAY, *base and
present*. — THE VAMPIRE
LOVERS*. — Part 3 & conclusion
at *HISTORIC CITY OF HO-
ROHILAH*. — *Reptile Ranch*
— *classic 1330*.
CH. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde
and *MYSTERY OF THE WIX
MUSEUM*, by Wm. K. Everson.
Harrower, *1930*. — *WWE*
— *case of CONSPIRACY
END* — *Cap Movieguide*
— more than 80 recent *Starburst*
Etc. — *Plan Letters*. *Head
Boris*, etc. *etc.* *etc.*



'Meet White'
Harris Kaufman

